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KEYWORDS: *Salicorytha setacea*; change of habitat; culture to adulthood; PIR; New York; Transylvania; Europe; USA; 2008-2010; *Salicorytha setacea* (L.)




40 He already runs Canada's most profitable private broadcasting company. But now, Winnipeg's Izzy Asper—egotistical, unvarnished and notoriously hard-living—is intent on building the country's third national English-language network. If only there is enough time.

34 U.S. politicians and Canada's Reform party are swept up in the alluring quest for a workable flat tax. But while overwhelmed tax accountants would welcome a simplified tax structure, opponents say the benefits of switching to a single rate are vastly overrated. Transition costs, they add, would be horrendous.



50 From *Jerry Springer* and *Rhino* to *Jeopardy!* and a new Canadian entry, *Gameki Scott*, audience-participation talk shows have taken over daytime television. They can make for energetic—not to mention profitable—TV. But they can also depict harassment at its worst, and a growing chorus of dissenters are asking whether, in stooping to conquer their competitors, the talk shows have gone too far.





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Shuffling cabinets

Primier Minister Jean Chretien's cabinet shuffle is reminiscent of the "Flintheart book" *Canada/Canada*, Feb. 10. His new ministers have boldly set the tone for his future dealings with Quebec separatists. On the other hand, there is nothing reassuring about Quebec Premier Lucien Bouchard's own behaviour. The appointment of Serge Marchand as minister responsible for Montreal is particularly unsettling. Inevitably, cabinet shuffle will influence his policies and approach for already dismal economic conditions of this metropolitan region. There are only two things the shuffling in Quebec City can do to reassure the and those Montreal from the ashes. The first would be to free the region from the chains of Bill 101, and the second, to cease their destructive and divisive separatist rantings. Short of this, paralysis is the only cure.

Finca Di Clemente
Montreal, QC

Two points about your cover story on the Constitution in which I was quoted: first, the accompanying photograph is not me, but Liberal MP George Robertson; second, you quote me as saying the term distinct society "means to many contradictory things across the country that it is not helpful to re-examine." I would like to add, however, that national reconciliation does require some constitutional accommodation of the concept of duality as perceived by francophone Quebecers. The most important aspect of this is to make explicit that the Quebec cabinet assembly automatically enjoys the power to legislate for the protection and promotion of French within the province.

John Richmond,
Associate professor of policy and analysis,
Faculty of business administration,
Simon Fraser University,
Burnaby, B.C.

Teenage tragedy

In writing to give one psychiatric point of view on the story about the suicide of teenager Douglas Stewart ("Killing the pain," Special Report, Jan. 29). The subtitle, "Nobody, including grieving parents, knows why" can be questioned. The psychiatric profession, and our culture along with it, is carrying a centuries-old legend that says in which we are preoccupied with the brain or, at least, with a behavioral consideration of stress such that patients have no real problems unless they can be seen as having a



Chretien: the cabinet shuffle set the tone for future dealings with separatists

brain disorder or presumed "chemical imbalance" for which a drug can be prescribed. This is not to suggest brain disorders are not real and important, only that the competition to new brain problems biologically is producing a terrible experience of human suffering. It is no accident that young people kill themselves and it is an honest, courageous and responsible thing for parents and professionals to ask: where did we go wrong?

Dr. Howard Taylor,
Toronto

Your report on teenage suicide raised a crucial element: sexual abuse. Numerous studies indicate that more than 50 per cent of adolescent suicide victims are caused by sexual abuse statistics. Until our society recognizes that joy and libido both exist and that they need support not confrontation, this unbelievable statistic will continue.

Allen Bell and Ann Campbell,
Napanee, Ont.

Doctors should be more aware that, after every fantastic alcohol binge, there is usually a very depressing low. As someone who has experienced both many times, it is very hard to see the difference between what's real and what's after a binge.

Brian Makowsky,
Toronto

Profit and poverty

Why, why, why, in a country with record-breaking bank profits of more than \$4 billion and other companies at extreme wealth, are we sending thousands of people to live on the streets ("Wife of divorcee," Life, Feb. 9)?

David Pines,
Surrey, B.C.

Military service

Respecting "To the heart of the matter" (*Canada*, Feb. 10) about Canada's military, I can only address two uncertainties. First, I have not served, though I would have been honored to have done so, with the United Nations in the former republic of Yugoslavia. Second, I am 31, not 32, years of age.

May-Gus C. J. Jolly,
Commander, Land Force Western Area,
Edmonton

Television lust

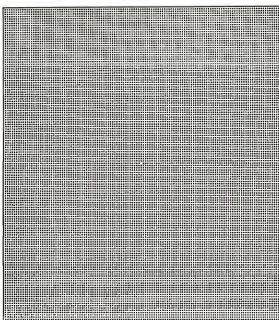
The bottom line here is that *Alma Fotheringham's* treatment of Colleen Jones as a sex object was insulting, not only to her and other women, but to neurologists ("Discovering a trend for all seasons," *Columns*, Jan. 29). Jones is clearly more than a pretty face. She is a competent, weather and sport lover, and her enthusiasm for her work only adds to her professionalism. What her marital status has to do with the weather is beyond me.

Jessie Nusselt, Shannon Berry,
Jacqueline MacKinnon, Lucy Dee Smith,
Toronto

Folk is a dirty old man. I always dream before watching *Column* on CBC. Newsweek's weekly *Column*, don't call *Alma*, call me. The younger, better looking and I live in British Columbia where the weather is fabulous.

Brenda Brown,
Cuxco, B.C.

Maclean's column reader: I've often enjoyed your column and enjoy your style. Please reply to me: submit and include telephone number. Write letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 1200 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5R 1A7. Tel: (416) 593-2700. Or E-mail: editor@maclean.ca or (416) 593-2700 computer.com



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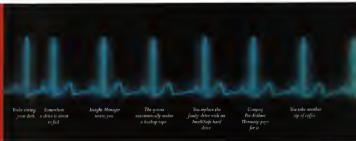
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Figure	Figure Description
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OPENING NOTES

Two wheels, four seasons

Too many Canadians, cycling and jogging are usually summer activities, long forgotten in the depths of a snowy winter. But in Calgary, not only are there snowshoes, joggers and bicycle commuters who regularly brave the winter elements, there are also some cross-minded Calgarians willing to keep the pathways possible with some hard work and innovative tools. The city still dreams about a 15-km loop downtown. But for five years now, about a dozen volunteers have cleared nearly six additional kilometres of snow pathway along the Bow River, which runs through the center of Calgary. The volunteers, many of them on their way to and from work, primarily use an assortment of home-made sleds, from rubber-edged plywood boards to strips of plastic pads weighted down with sand-filled pop bottles attached to the back of their bicycles. But this year, weather conditions have been so severe, with unusually heavy snowfalls and temperatures persisting in the 30° C range, that the city is providing some assistance. Still, the volunteers have soldiered on. "Mama 30 is pretty cold," exclaims Jeff Gratta, 44, one of the volunteer path-clearers and an outdoor recreation specialist for the city. "But we felt committed. We didn't want to disappoint the users."



Gratta with volunteers clearing paths along the Bow River. Mama 30 is pretty cold.

WORD FOR WORD

A little something for the boss

According to an insider that has been at Ottawa-based national affairs columnist for the *Montreal Gazette* is being dismissed, Wynne fulsome until an interview with the paper's editor had been a factor.

"For the nearly nine years that I've been a *Gazette* columnist, my views and those of the editorial board have been radically opposed. The policies it espoused—March Lake, Charlottetown, ever since decentralization—remained in my periphery."

"I was outraged, for instance, when critic Josee Poirer wrote, after Jacques Parizeau made public his plan for a united second session and promised not to pay a penny on the principle of the national debt, that every democratic right recognized Quebec's democratic right to secede. "I thought she insulted the people of every other democratic country, which refuse to recognize a democratic right to secede, and insulted all Canadians who deny the existence of such a right."

"He has been taking potshots at me for as long as I can remember," commented Poirer, who insisted that the Ottawa columnist position was being eliminated as a cost-cutting measure, not because of Johnson's views. "We are not cutting our salaries off from Bill Johnson," she added, adding that he will still be contributing one column a week.



Gazette: a smart letter from a publisher for a first novel

Beginner's pluck

Getting a first novel published is notoriously difficult, but as Vancouver writer has managed to beat the odds. Not only in Penguin Books Canada Ltd. launching *Genesis* Capri's *The Renaissance* early and much, but the Toronto-based publisher had to win a bidding war to get it. After Capri finished her novel in January, 1995, she sent a concept letter to Canada's seven top publishers, asking if they wanted to see her story about a sculptor who creates her own shattered life while building a life-size model of Lucy, one of mankind's oldest known ancestors. All were asked to read it, and three of the biggest—Harvard House, Douglas & McIntyre and Froggate—sent back offers within two months. Froggate clinched the deal last March for an undisclosed sum. The 39-year-old author, a married mother of a 14-year-old boy and nearly eight months pregnant with a second child, will soon begin a national tour to promote *The Renaissance*. She gives a lot of credit for her success to her initial editor. "It was courage," she adds. "I managed to convey the story in three sentences."

Good money, but it is hard to collect

The pleasure industry attracts some odd employees, but Canada's Ottawa never expected to be working with a celebrity blow. Joyce Carole Stevens, 31, of Houston and Rose Marie Thierfeld, 36, formerly of London, Ont., went on a six-month crime spree in the Texas city last year that had the media calling them Theresa and Leslie. Arrested, the pair stepped bail and fled to Toronto where Thierfeld landed a job building costumes. Recognizing her new work gave them media reports, Ottawa called the police, and Stevens and Thierfeld are back in jail in Houston. But there is still the matter of a \$12,500 reward offered by Texas lawman Cleburne Rains, who had passed the pair's \$600,000 bail guarantee. He won't even return Ottawa's calls, she says, adding, "I just feel like I'm being screwed around."



Rains offered a \$12,500 reward

Secrets of the women's and men's rooms

Several studies indicate how always distinguished the ladies' room from the gents', not the least of which is the sign on the door. New York University master's student Jane Geddy is chronicling another important distinction: the writing on the wall. For her thesis in linguistics and anthropology, Geddy has spent six months painstakingly transcribing graffiti from the washrooms on the Toronto campus. Her findings? Men almost always write slogans, jokes or offensive statements. And the content of their scabbings is usually "less than good" and routinely racist or homophobic. By contrast, women "have high philosophical debates, often about sex, relationships and their feelings." Geddy came across one exchange in a stall that



Geddy's sanctuary in the washroom

covered two cubicle walls, and included 28 entries. The reason for the differences, says Geddy: "Women have always seen the washroom as a place, a place to talk with their friends, even if it's just to ask if their hair looks OK." And men? "They see it as a place to purge."

Fretting over the undercover nest egg

Russians have learned from bitter experience that when a government's leaders with bank notes, diamonds and cash. Five years ago, the Kremlin withdrew \$20 and \$100-value notes from circulation with just three days' notice, making the old notes worthless practically overnight. This time around, it is Washington's plan to introduce a redesigned \$100 bill in March that has many Russians in a panic. That is because a number outside the United States is three more U.S. money in circulation than in Russia.

Many Russians realize they cannot their savings into U.S. dollars at a hedge against inflation—they now have roughly \$20 billion worth of them, mostly in \$500 bills stored under mattresses. To give their lives, U.S. ambassador Thomas Pickering has assured Russian news media that "all notes will be valid at face value, forever." The embassy has even set up a "100 hotline" to answer Russian callers. But not everyone is buying the official line. "This is a scam," complained one bar-hopping street vendor as he stood in a line to buy U.S. notes. "Exchange offices already charge rates if you offer them dollars that are dirty, torn or marked up. When the new notes arrive, they will have an excuse to force people trying to exchange the old bills."

Call it making a buck, Russian-style.



Edited by BARBARA WICKENS

BEST SELLERS

FICTION

1. *The Christmas Playbook*, Jane Reddam (1)
2. *Primary Colors*, Anonymous (2)
3. *The Horse Whisperer*, Melinda Fenn (3)
4. *The Island of the Day Before*, Umberto Eco (4)
5. *To Live with Lions*, Emily Desautel (5)
6. *The Post*, Michael Ondaatje (6)
7. *The Moon's Last Light*, Science Fiction (7)
8. *The Hundred Secret Senses*, Amy Tan (8)
9. *A Fine Balance*, Arundhati Roy (9)
10. *The Great Road*, Pat Barker (10)

NONFICTION

1. *Lip Service*, Eric Fells (1)
2. *The Road Ahead*, Bill Gates (2)
3. *It Takes a Village*, Hillary Rodham Clinton (3)
4. *Unsettled Intelligence*, David Colquhoun (4)
5. *Conversations of an Irish Doctor*, James Joyce (5)
6. *The Canadian Revolution*, Peter C. Newman (6)
7. *Disorder in a Map*, William S. Burroughs (7)
8. *Journal of the Night*, Paul Williams (8)
9. *Maymott's Aids*, John Wright (9)
10. *The Horse Book*, Jay MacInnis (10)

1/1 Photos (left)

Compiled by Peter Schmitt

PASSAGES

DEB: Actor Barbara Hershey, 59, known as the "queen of comedy," who also had great success in dramatic roles, at breast cancer, in Toronto. For a decade beginning in 1986, the popular misanthrope was a mainstay of the national touring national revue *Spring Thaw*.



She played *Spring Thaw*'s guardian, in the Shakespearean parody production in 1986, the year of *Golden* for the years starting in 1986, after took the role to Expo '86 in Osaka, Japan, and to London, where she won a drama critics award. Recently, she had an ongoing role in the TV series *The Road to Avonlea*. Hershey became ill last May, she was performing in the musical *Crash for You* at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre, her record 14th production at the label theatre.

DEBORAH: Elizabeth Taylor, 55, one of Hollywood's glamorous stars, and construction worker Larry Fortensky, 43, her seventh husband, after 4½ years of marriage. Taylor filed divorce papers in Los Angeles, citing irreconcilable differences. The divorce began in 1994, after she married in 1994, in Courteney Cox. Her first husband was Michael Wilding, Mike Todd, who died in a plane crash. Eddie Fisher, Richard Burton, whom she married twice, and John Warner.

DEB: Audrey Meadows, 71, best known as the working-class housewife Alice, who every week steadfastly stood up to her verbally abusive husband, Ralph Gribble, played by Jackie Gleason, in the classic 1960s TV series *The Maryknights*, of heart cancer, in Los Angeles. "I loved that character of Alice," Meadows said in 1994, "because she was strong, and she was tender. She was everything that I think is fine in a woman."

DESIGNED: Flanagan's Calgary businessman Larry Ryckman, 38, from all his executive positions, including head of the city's Calgary Stampede, which he owns. The stampede, under threat of a company order, are in contact with a ruling list mostly by the Alberta Securities Commission, which found him guilty of stock manipulation and also fined him \$500,000. Ryckman was so in negotiations to sell majority interest in the team.

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When your guests ask you about this delicious dessert, tell them straight in the eye: "Me!"

Me & Sara Lee



COLUMN



In defence of public support for the arts

BY BARBARA AMIEL

When you ask a conservative cultural bureaucrat to come up with a plan to save the world, you can be sure the plan will make the world safer for cultural bureaucrats. Welcome back, then, Pierre Jussena, who has just co-authored a report on the future of the CBC, Telefilm Canada and the National Film Board. Jussena began the serious work of destroying the CBC in 1985 in order to save his own skin. As then president of the CBC, he was ordered to make huge cuts in the CBC budget by the then government. His chance was to cut the creative people: directors, producers, set designers, like editors and the like. They are the meat and Jussena was the fat—the top-heavy management and bureaucracy. No, of course, can't be expected to cut fat.

In a better world, no, it is in their right mind we'd have let Jussena start public broadcasting over again. Fortunately, this time there were two other people on his team including Peter Harndorf, with whom I worked at the CBC many years ago. Harndorf was an imaginative and enthusiastic television producer, committed to better current affairs programming, and flawed in only one significant way: he had no sense of early morning meetings. Now, he heads TWO whose programming has improved immensely under his leadership.

Public broadcasting is of pervasive value. A country must look after the health of both its body and its mind. But artistic excellence in broadcasting may mean living with weaker audiences, hence the need for state subsidies. A country that neglects its spirit loses the will to survive, just as in a concentration camp the truly strong are those who have the mental strength to go on, not simply youth or physical strength.

Canada's public communications infrastructure first their way some time ago. Two elements contributed to this. First, they tried to copy the commercial film and television

The CBC is a great national institution. It should be staffed by the most talented people who should be allowed to do their best programming.

world. The CBC could not match the budgets and ratings of *Roseanne* or *Seinfeld* and, if this was to be the yardstick of their success, then they were bound to fail. Second, much of public broadcasting was captured by elite political or not special interest groups—such as the Women's Studies Unit of the NFB.

When documentary drama and the rest of film is captured by politically correct groups, there is an artistic problem, no matter what the ideological pretence: real art cannot be shackled into an ideological straitjacket. The creators of either level of society are the victims of the excesses of art.

The public may not realize what is happening, but bad art will alienate the public simply because it is bad. In addition, a CBC that was based on left-liberal ideas only ultimately alienates or loses credibility with large segments of the population. My favorite example of this attitude was the CBC's refusal to accept a 1999 Insurance Bureau of Canada commercial called "Let's Fire Insurance" on the grounds, as the CBC broadcaster wrote, that "free enterprise is a controversial topic in our society." By now, this free-enterprise society is so tied up with the CBC that any attempt

to raise taxes for it is met with hostility. But this is wrong. The CBC is a great national institution. There are people of real talent and tremendous dedication still there in radio and broadcasting by their thousands in TV news and current affairs, drama and daytime programming. We have to give the CBC back to the programmers, not to Jussena's army of mandarins, human resources staff, unusual harassment educators and the like. Nor should we monitor the CBC for political bias. By getting the most talented people, we want just let them do their best programming all the rest is housekeeping.

The solution to the future of the CBC, the NFB and Telefilm Canada has nothing to do with debates on whether or not they are commercial—let them—on the greater way in which public money is raised. The real question is whether or not public broadcasting is going to be set up either to foster the highest achievements of our culture or whether it is there simply to serve as an outlet for cultural bureaucrats and for the politically correct pressure groups.

If it is set up to serve the latter purpose, then we will have a string of tasteless faddish across Canada, each with its equity officers and commissioners. Instead, the CBC needs to concentrate on news gathering, information and cultural programming, and the best documentaries and drama that should become the Canadian alternative to commercial television. If there is good theatre in Québec, it can come to CBC studios in Toronto. We don't need a CBC version of the theatre and equalization payments that have nearly bankrupted the province.

Telefilm Canada ought to revert to its original mandate; namely, it should become a bank that mainly gives matching funds to Canadian filmmakers with a proven track record. Let's end the useless games of cultural games, who either have no background in film-making or have failed at it, deciding what film should be made. A small portion of funds could be set aside for first-time filmmakers to get a chance.

The NFB should be totally scrapped. While it has done some very fine work and can adjust itself to the documentary genre, we don't need two government organizations to look after that. A branch of Telefilm Canada could be set aside to allow the best documentary makers access to funding, and the CBC could be required to set aside a portion of its programming for their output.

The fragmentation of the communications sector is a further argument for an infusion of funds into the arts. New arts specialty channels are picking up the CBC's cultural vision. Every divided country in the world recognizes that cultural excellence needs special funds. And what is Canada without its own culture? Nothing but a huge inert mass waiting for the spent to give it a push back and life. We really must let our artists become art ministers of the past or because of their about the future. We are all stewards of our public institutions and now is the time to vote to their aid.

Backbench rumbles

Liberal MPs are upset as the government backpedals on the GST

The high-powered meeting was never significant for what was not said there for what was. For two days last week, federal Finance Minister Paul Martin and his 18 prominent counterparts gathered in a grey-level government building in shabby downtown Ottawa to talk business before bringing down their respective budgets in the coming weeks. Martin got the Canada Pension Plan (COP) at the top of the agenda. At issue: how to either cut back benefits or increase worker and employer premiums so that the plan will cover when most baby boomers reach retirement age in the second decade of the next century. The ministers also discussed interest rates and federal transfer payments to the provinces. But at no time during their two-day conference did they touch the contentious issue of replacing the much-maligned Goods and Services Tax (GST)—a key election promise of the federal Liberals in 1983. That promise had opposition critics—and even some Liberals—howling. Said Don McIntyre, Liberal MP for the Toronto riding of Scarborough-Rose Hill: "We're tearing us apart and it's becoming a little clearer that we don't have a game plan to clearly address the very public concern we made in Canada on the GST. The fact that we're doing nothing about it stands as a real touch to most people."

That tough sentiment reflects the antipathy many voters felt toward the GST when it was introduced by the previous Conservative government in 1991. Two years later, the Liberal promise to replace the tax became a centerpiece of the party's successful election campaign that reduced the Conservatives to two seats in the House of Commons. On the campaign trail, Minister Jean Chrétien kept above on the GST as a "very unpopular and very unfair" tax and pledged to replace it within two years. Deputy Prime Minister Sheila Copps further vowed to resign her seat if the Liberals broke the promise. Now, there is increasing concern among Liberal backbenchers that, with the GST still in place, Martin has not yet announced a date for phasing it out. And a small but vocal group of Liberal MPs is convinced that the budget Martin is scheduled to bring down as early as March is the last opportunity for the government to make good on its promise. "That is the critical piece of budget, and for all we know, it could be the last one,"



Martin may announce, sparking controversy

said John Narasimha, Liberal MP for the Toronto riding of York-South-Weston.

Timing was certainly on Copps's mind on Jan. 30 when she told *Maclean's* that the GST promise would be addressed in this year's budget. But the next day, Chrétien seemed to contradict her by stating only that it would be taken care of before the next election. *Maclean's* has learned that the GST will definitely not be dealt with in the upcoming budget. And when asked if it would be replaced before the next election, Martin told *Maclean's*, "That remains to be seen."

The finance department's goal—heavily criticized by the opposition and some Liberal backbenchers on the grounds that it endows the union—as to meld the GST with provincial sales taxes. Negotiations with the provinces have been under way since early last year, while an agreement has been reached only with Quebec. Talked with the four Liberal governments in Atlantic Canada are going well, but others have balked at harmonization. Senior federal off-

icials are privately told that government MPs have publicly criticized the lack of action on the GST, accusing them of dragging up their bargaining power. One official, who received many calls, said that the provinces now realize that they can hold Ottawa hostage on the issue. "They say, 'Well, how much is it worth to you to get a deal?'" the official said.

But Narasimha, for one, is not backing down. He said that he will vote against his own government's budget in March if it does not deal with the GST, and claims that his party could lose up to 40 seats—in the current 178—in the next election in Ontario alone if it breaks its promise. Pollster Daniel Bricker, senior vice-president of the Angus Reid Group, agrees that government inaction on the GST could turn into a serious problem. "There is a reservoir of anger out there about this tax," he said.

As for the country's massive plan, Martin declared during last week's conference that it "will be there for succeeding generations of Canadians, let me assure you." But his officials said that the shared opinions that employees and their employers make each month to the plan—currently assessed at 5.6 per cent of earnings between \$2,000

and \$55,000—may have to double during the next five years, even if benefits are cut back. Ontario and Alberta are opposed to increasing premiums, while Quebec is against reducing benefits. By law, Ottawa must review the plan's approval at least five years—and obtain the approval of at least two-thirds of the provinces, comprising two-thirds of Canada's population, before making any changes. The pension plan's last review was in 1985 and Martin wants the reforms for this round to go into place by next January. While his political colleagues did not agree on any specific new measures, they all agreed to make a decision by August, slated for March and April. "I thought the whole thing went quite well," Martin said after the meeting. But that any agreement seemed to gloss over the increasing controversy over the government's solar-aided promise to scrap the GST.

PAUL KATIRA with
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Kuski: people thought there was nothing but drinking

LETTER FROM
IQUALUIT, N.W.T.

A new capital for the Arctic

BY BRIAN BERGMAN

Inside Iqaluit's Nuvagat Inn, delegates to a northern telecommunications conference are taking a spin on the information machine. The room is buzzing with talk of e-commerce, the Internet, videoteleconferencing and otherwise "wiring" the Arctic. Outside it's -30° C, with a howling wind that makes it feel more like -50° C, and the sun is already setting even though it's only 3 p.m. The climate is a constant reminder—for the jet-black nitrous oxide overhead and the canvas covering the city's above-town—of the harsh, windswept land surrounding the modern community of 4,000 on the southern tip of Baffin Island. And while the contrasts may seem jarring to an outsider—the provincial Arctic meets the global village—to people like Iqaluit Mayor Joe Kuski, who participated in the day-long high-tech conference, it is all part of an economic march to the fu-

The town critics call 'sin city' of the North will play a key role in a new Inuit homeland

ture. "The leap we've made from hunting and gathering to the life we have now, it's amazing," says the 35-year-old Kuski. "The key is that we've kept adapting."

Adapting. It's a buzzword among the Inuit, and for good reason. When the whalers came, the Inuit joined their crews, when the missionaries arrived, they adopted their religion, and when, over the past four decades, the government bureaucracy moved in, the Inuit abandoned their hunting posts for tiny Arctic settlements like Iqaluit and began to live according to the rhythms of the wage

economy. Now, they are preparing to make perhaps their biggest leap yet: the establishment, in 1995, of the new Inuit-dominated territory of Nunavut, meaning "our land" in Inuktitut, a swath of almost one million square miles of tundra and sea—roughly a fifth of Canada's land mass—that is being carved out of the existing Northwest Territories. At the centre of the action is Iqaluit, which in an Arctic-wide plebiscite in December 1994 was chosen by a 60-40 margin over Rankin Inlet to become the capital of the emerging territory.

Until recently, Iqaluit was known to the outside world if it was known at all as Frodo's Bay, named for the British explorer Sir Martin Frobisher, who landed in the area in 1598 mistakenly thinking he had discovered the Northwest Passage to the Orient. Among Frobisher's cronies was the abolition of several first, which he took to Sagadahoc before the Royal Family—and

then left to die of disease. Unimpressed by that legacy, the town opted in 1887 to adopt the community's traditional Inuit name, which means "many fish." For twentieth-century journalists, the name change proved problematic: following the norms of English grammar, they tended to insert an extra "s" and spell it "Iqaluit." The change is a source of some consternation among residents since, under that spelling, the town's name is transliterated into vulgar terms that roughly translates as "big rear end."

Iqaluit's modern history began during the Second World War, when Ottawa gave the United States permission to build a local air base to refuel supply planes bound for Europe. Later, as federal programs were transferred to the territorial government, Iqaluit became an administrative centre for the Eastern Arctic. The town has grown exponentially since the war years, making it by far the largest community in Nunavut—a region that, for all its vast expanse, is home to only about 25,000 people. It also boasts many of the amenities that smaller northern centres lack, including a swimming pool, a private hospital clinic and a 34-bed hospital.

The choice of Iqaluit as capital of Nunavut—which brings with it prestige but the prospect of only about 100 new government jobs—was not without its critics. In northern circles, Iqaluit has long had a reputation as a hard-drinking, sometimes violent, town. Ranked to Montreal, 1,200 air miles to the south, by daily jet flights, and to the smaller Inuit island communities through a number of regional carriers, the town is a key distribution point not only for food and other staples, but also for smuggled booze and drugs. And compared with the small or settlements, where alcohol is tightly restricted, the drink flows fast and furious in Iqaluit's bars and licensed restaurants. During the recent plebiscite campaign, Iqaluit's critics sometimes raised the spectre of the "sin city" of the Arctic becoming the standard-bearer for the new Inuit homeland.

Kuski, who was born and raised in Iqaluit, readily acknowledges the town's teenage parties and binge drinking. "People travelling or moving here would only know people who drink and thought there was nothing here but drinking," that once recently, he adds, there has been "a drive toward sobriety and dealing with the other things that came along with when there was alcohol abuse, such as sexual assault, child abuse and so on." In fact, in the summer of 1994, before he was elected mayor, Kuski helped to organize such community action. Upset by a recent rash of arrests of young people for alcohol and drug offences, and by reasons of a

local child pornography ring, more than 300 residents marched through the streets of Iqaluit demanding that bootleggers and drug dealers get out of town. "People were just angry that criminals in criminal clothes like Iqaluit, a prominent local businessman who took part in the march.

Despite such efforts, Iqaluit's 15-member RCMP detachment is kept busy, making about 1,700 arrests a year, most of them alcohol-related. Cpl. Peter Clark confesses, however, that the statistics may be a bit misleading, as police tend to respond to even minor incidents because of the extreme weather. "You realize that if you don't look into a deten-



Anauksuk: 'a normal people, but we have big temptations'

hance-type complaint, somebody might end up exposed to the cold," he says.

That is no small consideration in a community where the average temperature in February is -27° C, and, as the warmest month, July, is mere 8° C. The harsh climate may also be why Iqaluit has one of Canada's most expensive taxi services. For \$25.00, cabbies will drive anywhere in town. The only catch: they pick up other customers as they go, so in the cab is often chocolate, and drop them off not in any particular sequence, but as the cabbie dictates. Still, it is one of the few bargains in a place where a litre of milk costs \$2.30, a head of lettuce goes for \$4 and a ham-and-cheese sandwich in a local restaurant can run up to \$15.

The cold and the high costs aside, Iqaluit is a place that many transplanted Canadians are happy to call home. Some, in fact, say that the more north-challenged their lives become, the more they love it. Jim Bell, a longtime editor with the Inuktitut-based weekly newspaper, the *Nuvagat* News, arrived from Toronto in 1990, and within a few months found himself selling ads for the newspaper, but still unable to afford a place to live. One day, he recalls,

on flight 106 he had given out before came to the officer and offered him a place to stay, free of rent, until he got on his last flight. "I was very happy to get out of Toronto," he says. "But you know, it's not unusual for northerners to be treated that way." Bell, whose political beliefs ranged from "anarchism to New Left socialism" when he left Toronto, says that he has grown to appreciate many of the things the Inuit have traditionally valued, such as family time and self-reliance—principles he used to denigrate when living in Southern Canada.

The arrival of people like Bell has contributed to the ethnic diversity of Iqaluit. Numerically, it is the least Inuit of any of the Arctic communities—Inuit make up 40 per cent of Iqaluit's population, compared with 65 per cent in Nuuk in Greenland—but, as some say, it is also the most Canadian. A meeting place for the races and cultures, Iqaluit has attracted Inuit from across the Arctic, as well as healthy numbers of Quebec Frenchspeakers, Newfoundlanders and expatriate Scots. And, like many northern centres, the town has a strong statistical attraction. On the day that 150,000 people gathered in Montreal last October to plant with Quebecers to stay in Canada, far from the national spotlight, more than 100 people in Iqaluit bowed Arctic winds to stage a similar protest rally, and to sing O Canada in English, French and Inuktitut.

Among the resident patriots is John Anauksuk, a veteran Inuit politician and a man often referred to as the "father of Nunavut." Anauksuk cautions that there are some similarities between the drive for Nunavut and the Quebec separatist cause—after all, the Inuit say they need a government independent of the one now based in Yellowknife, 2,300 km west of Iqaluit, to protect their language and culture. But according to Anauksuk, Quebec's separatist leaders "sawer grievances against Canada," while aboriginal people have very real ones. In his own case, Anauksuk, at the age of 6, became one of the so-called High Arctic exiles, a group of about 60 Inuit who were summarily relocated from their homes in northern Quebec to even more remote communities in the Northwest Territories. "That for all its worth," says Anauksuk, "there's not a country that can stand up against Canada."

As for Nunavut, Anauksuk suggests that the Inuit should be wary of some promises. For starters, the new territory will likely be the first in Canada to have a gender-equal legislature, with a male and woman elected from each riding. "There's going to be a lot of fights," he says with a shy smile. "We're a small people, but we have big ambitions."

The angry backlash in the East



Protesters in Truro, N.S., utter a spelling into the streets

Dorcas admits that he does not fully understand the impending UI overhaul. But as president of the local labor union, he has emerged as a leader in the growing series of protests—including those of last week—against the proposed changes. "They should take that UI reform and throw it away," he says. "If they pass that, it will mean the second departure of Acadians from here." Last December's proposed changes not only took their reduced benefits and coverage periods for all 11 elements, but they also included a provision lowering payments by a maximum of ten per cent for those who use the seasonal spaces frequently—a particular concern for seasonal workers. And as it stands, the proposed overhaul contains a contentious continuous work provision, which would drastically reduce benefits for seasonal employees who work for only a few weeks at a time. If a spell of hot weather, for example, shut down woodcutters for two weeks, that workless period would be averaged into a calculation of their insurable earnings.

New order swelling by a winning parliamentary candidate, Acord's proposed UI reform package dealt by the order paper with the last Parliament and must be reintroduced into the House of Commons by Young. The new business resources minister has said that he wants to revisit parts of the plan's overhaul—especially the continuous work provision. But speaking to reporters after last week's demonstration, Young laid out at the participants' saying that the protest in his home province were hinders his ability to make changes to the package. "It is really going to be a hard sell for me," the minister declared.

"I'm being accused in the national press by some of backsliding, of coming in to the Atlantic provinces."

For the moment, though, Young's words appear to be falling on deaf ears. Urged on by the Canadian Labour Congress, and after organized by labor labor councils, coalition against UI reform

continue to form throughout Atlantic Canada at a time when the erosion of other social programs such as welfare are also increasing the fears of seasonal workers. "What I'm reading between the lines," said Jerry Shawdon, local vice-president of the Canadian Union of Public Employees in Annapolis, N.S., "is that in three or four years, there is going to be no UI. Nobody wants to live it, so we're going to fight these changes." At issue is nothing less than what, in different times, was a way of life.

MOBILE: MacLEAN'S in Halifax

Byelection entrails



BACKSTAGE OTTAWA

by ANTHONY WILSON SMITH

Democracy. Winston Churchill said, "In the worst form of government except all those others of which I have heard, I believe that we have been tried from time to time." Perhaps, but additional candidacies apply if you want to win a seat in the House of Commons for the Liberal Party of Canada. In that case, it is essential, if preferable if you can, to bypass the entire party nomination process by being designated as a candidate by the prime minister. If run in a riding so safe, historically Liberal that it renders the matter of holding a vote almost irrelevant, it runs its best chance, whether that is a given election, so that it is guaranteed you end up in the government, yes, and if you prove you are the ultimate blue-chip candidate by managing all of the above.

With six federal by-elections coming up in March 26—two in Newfoundland, three in Quebec and one in Ontario—there are plenty of roundabouts that even within the same political party, democracy covers a multitude of sins. At the best end of the food chain, for example, in the brightest seat who will run—hopelessly—for Jean Chrétien's party in Lucien Bouchard's former riding at Lac-Bouchard. At the high end in the government, the most important, William Shipley, Ontario, who was given a nomination, a cabinet seat and an expensive in-house riding (Montreal's St. Laurent/Carletonville) as the ultimate jackpot. But for Liberals, the by-elections also carry more subtle messages—and some of them are even relevant beyond the usual news confessions of Ottawa's Commons.

• In a contest of supposed equals, Finance Minister Paul Martin is more equal than others. The by-elections are to take place three weeks after Martin is planning to table his budget during the first week of March, and a grandstand of protest over the government's stand on position on the Goods and Services Tax (GST). As many as 25 Liberal MPs may challenge or vote against the budget if the GST is not changed—and the issue will be enough to make up a Reform upset in the Toronto riding of Etobicoke North. That despite that, Martin will get his way, and the GST will not be changed.

in the budget. • Senator Pierre Pettigrew will not oversee the selection of Liberal candidates in Quebec at the next election. During the 1993 campaign, Pettigrew clashed with Chrétien's senior adviser, Edith Goldschberg, over the choice of candidates in ridings deemed winnable—and that was the result was a collection of largely left-leaning MPs, whose chief virtue is their loyalty to Bouchard. Since then, the Liberals have needed three by-elections to get candidates from Quebec considered "viable"—Dion, Immigration Minister Lawrence Robitaille and International Co-operation Minister Pierre Pettigrew. Next time, Goldschberg will prevail.

• Someone in the hierarchy of the Liberal party has a ridiculous streak—or a finely tuned sense of humor. The elegant Pierre Pettigrew is a person of champagne tastes with the air of someone who never met an accountant he didn't like. The riding in which he is running, Papineau/Shefferville, is a remote Montreal, is a lunch-bucket, beer-and-that kind of place. For him at 70 at home, picture Premier

Crest meeting The Sunlight and you see what door-to-door campaigning with Pettigrew will be like.

• The Liberals can't care who loses Jean Chrétien's Liberal Opposition. True, Chrétien and recently that he leads "the" when he leads across the House of Commons at the pre-announcement Bloc filing that ride. But before and the Bloc are there are even relevant beyond the usual news confessions of Ottawa's Commons.

A lack of concern, after all, is how you can always tell a Liberal. Or, should another way, the real test of the by-elections is a reminder that you can always tell a Liberal—but you can never tell him much.

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South Cityland office, a key target in republican nationalist violence

WORLD

BLOWN AWAY

The IRA shatters peace hopes with a massive bombing

BY BRUCE WALLACE

The modernistic landscape that has sprouted over London's once-deserted Docklands since the 1980s is the land of target for the Irish Republican Army loyal to hit. Its centerpiece is Canary Wharf, the sometimes-maligned 52-story office tower that in the latest building in Britain. Its developer, Canada's Brookfield, firmly envisaged it becoming the center of Europe's financial industry in the 21st century. The technosavvy and Canary Wharf both endured troubles in recent years, but both are back after a bout with adversity, the Docklands has resumed being blue-chip financial firm away from the venerable City of London and waving the newspaper chains that have pulled up stakes from Fleet Street. The symbolic combination of financial and media clout makes Canary

Wharf a terrorist's dream—and a fairly desolate one all that short-circuited a previous IRA attempt to blow it up in 1992. What the Docklands lacks in racket compared with, say, Buckingham Palace, it makes up for in security protection, which is much easier to beat.

Or so the IRA demonstrated at the close of the weekday on Feb. 9 when it put a shuddering end to its 17-month campaign experiment by detonating an explosives-laden truck just a quarter mile from Canary Wharf. The bomb went off outside a sister docklands complex called the South Quay Plaza, where three office towers, a light-railway station and a hotel converge. It came just one hour after an IRA statement released to Irish television announced, "with great reluctance," an end to its campaign. Police had some advance warning, but not enough time to evacuate workers from the neighborhood or the thousands more who live in the modern apartment blocks close by. Shortly after 7 p.m.,

with the local London Area jammed with schoolchildren snatching a basketball game and with workers pouring out of offices the weekend, the massive explosion rocked the area.

Buildings sagged from the concussion. Windows in the nearby hurricane canal housing centers imploded and gas mains were ruptured, igniting a massive second blast. Gasoline dows to the floor in the Trade Winds, a bar to the north, popped off the wall and ceiling like oil. The bang rolled out over the dark waters of the Thames towards the City of London, and was heard up to four miles away. Police found the bodies of two men in the wreckage the next day, as the IRA firmly claimed responsibility for the blast. More than 100 people suffered cuts from the explosion. That the casualties were not higher was a matter of luck, not IRA planning, said London assistant police commissioner Anderson Dean. A daybreak, the Docklands resembled a scene out of *Somerset*, certain buildings blowing out the windows of the damaged buildings the melted highway fumes spewing steel.

The nature of the violence took most people by surprise—including, apparently, leaders of Sinn Féin, the IRA's political wing. Gerry Adams, had warned of the IRA's importance and its risk for repeated violence a year ago during the peace process. And he telephoned the White House in Washington just hours before the explosion to warn the Clinton administration that he was leaving "disturbing news."

But other Sinn Féin politicians continued talking about the peaceful road to a settlement, leading to speculation that the bombing marked a rupture between IRA hardliners and their political leaders. Just a week earlier, Northern Ireland's police chief, Sir Hugh Annesley, told his men that the IRA was keeping " sleeper" terrorists in Britain to maintain its capability to

strike. But Annesley declared there was no sign of a break in the peace.

If there was rupture at the canister's breckdown, the politicians still managed to return to their habitual posturing. Calling the bombing "an appalling outrage," British Prime Minister John Major challenged the claim that Sinn Féin was back to business to condemn the attack. Major's Northern Ireland minister, Sir Patrick Mayhew, who has been an uncompromising advocate of getting the paramilitary groups to surrender their weapons before Britain enters into peace talks, said "It has indicated those who believed that there was a threat against us holding on to those areas. That threat was made manifest last night." To illustrate, he said, he saw Sinn Féin's head simply recanted his stand never to drop arms. Sinn Féin's Aid Adams reacted to his predictable response of expressing "sadness" for the victims, while quickly turning the blame on the British government. "Let us not take the focus off the man who is willing to Downing

Street and who has hindered away the peace process for short-term political gain," he said on Irish TV.

Was it only last December that explosive crowds turned out on the docks, told Irish air to bail U.S. President Bill Clinton's head-honoring role in pushing the peace process forward? At the time, Clinton's visit to the docks had been the last time the IRA had been so publicly belittled by its own blacklag to count. After the Irish announced the joint Anglo-Irish Downing Street Declaration in December, 1993, which promised all-party talks, constant unyielding had prevented the factions from all getting together. The thorniest obstacle was London's insistence that the IRA start decommitting its weapons before formal discussions could begin. That demand was another nail in noisy Irish republicans, who saw their cache of arms as the ultimate guarantee of their liberty. Clinton's Irish initiative tried to find a way around that dispute by appointing a commission to explore alternatives and offer all parties an honorable way out. In January, the body chaired by former U.S. senator George Mitchell, recently convened proceedings with both the all-party peace talks and discussions on decommitment at the same time.

But Adams scuppered that approach with a surprise announcement that he favored elections in Northern Ireland instead. The war, he said, would determine who should sit around the negotiating table and in what numbers. Major's call not a key decision of the Ulster Unionist party, his parliamentary ally, led by the notorious David Trimble. The Ulsterman said Adams' move, especially at Westminster. But Irish republicans and the Irish government saw the move as one more delaying tactic, and it clearly infuriated Sinn Féin, who has an electoral base of less than five per cent of the popular vote in the

provinces. It may have also led to damaged Adams' credibility with IRA hardliners. The hardened leader, who by accepted accounts once commanded the Belfast brigade of the IRA, has always been under pressure to show gains for his gamble to end the armed struggle. So far, his most significant triumph has been the growth of his own credibility. He is a hero by such towering Irishmen as Martin McGuire, and welcomed with handshakes at the Clinton White House as a legitimate political broker.

Producing a real peace deal out of the ceasefire was never going to be easy. Throughout the months when the guns were silent, IRA activists continued to meet and train in the forests in those who ran afoul of their rules at the workshop class taught by both Belfast and Londonderry Drug dealers were assassinated by a group with a new cause but an



Injured victim of suspected republican bombing

TRUCES AND TERROR

1993 British troops move into Northern Ireland to protect Roman Catholics from Protestant mobs.

1994 First IRA ceasefire ends after less than a month. Ulster and Britain suffer about two decades of terror by Republican and Loyalist extremists.

Dec. 15, 1993 After months of secret talks involving British and both officials and Republican leaders, the Downing Street Declaration promises Sinn Féin—the IRA's

political wing—and Loyalist organizations a place at the bargaining table in return for a permanent end to violence.

Aug. 21, 1994 After months of internal debate, the IRA announces a ceasefire.

Oct. 15, 1994 Paramilitary groups declare a ceasefire.

May 24, 1995 Sinn Féin Leader Gerry Adams and British Northern Ireland Secretary Sir Patrick Mayhew meet at the White House.

Nov. 20, 1995 President Bill Clinton visits Northern Ireland. Former U.S. senator George Mitchell is asked to help resolve disagreements over surrendering IRA weapons before talks.

Jan. 26, 1996 The Mitchell commission proposes all-party talks alongside a phased surrender of weapons. Prime Minister John Major ordered the five Loyalist demand for elections before talks. Feb. 5, The IRA announces the end of its ceasefire and claims responsibility for a massive bombing in London.

Onward Christians

Ever since the U.S. Republican party took Capitol Hill in the 1994 congressional election, conservatives in its leadership have tried to tame the party's milder fringe in order to broaden its appeal—especially targeting a thousandfold flock of Christian fundamentalists. The short-term object is to recruit the White House while holding onto supporters in the Senate and the House of Representatives in elections in Nov. 5. In the same line, the Republicans say to supplant the Democrats as the "natural" governing party by building a

REPORT FROM WASHINGTON

BY CARL MULLINS

Forbes and Graham. Forbes came second in Alaska and last week stood as chief challenger to Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole, the early favorite.

Most of the candidates share Buchanan's stand on abortion, while choosing not to touch it. But Forbes has lessened a target on that front. While trying to focus on his central campaign theme—a flat tax on

as it did four years ago when he challenged then-President George Bush in the conservative race. Then if it does, Buchanan, who at 65 is still in his early 60s, has been largely to his own abortion crusade. To be successful, he must, he has required well-defined cultural, moral or social issues. That fits in the faces of the other main candidates, and of activists at party headquarters, who have been trying to subvert the hard-right line on school prayer, abortion, gay rights and gun control.

In the House of Representatives, Speaker Newt Gingrich has repeatedly abdicated action on such issues, despite a clamor from some Republican members. And William Kristol, head of a Washington think-tank called Project for a Republican Future, is among activists working to sustain hardline party policies on abortion and gun control.

Even though Dole and Graham personally oppose abortion, they and many in the party hierarchy contend that making such ethical questions a political issue offends more voters than it may please. Polling has shown that only about one in five voters are pro-life, and fewer than one in three Republicans oppose abortion in all cases.

But that faction, excepted by the Christian Coalition and active at the state assembly level, would influence beyond its numbers. At the 1992 Republican national convention, with Buchanan's help, they managed to get their causes written into party policy on legislative school prayer and busing.

A year ago, moral efforts by party activists to amend the 1992 policies, Ralph Reed, executive director of the conservative think-tank Christian Coalition, issued a warning to Republicans. He said his group would withhold votes from any presidential and vice-presidential tickets both opposed abortion. (These Republicans state governors who are also mentioned as potential presidential candidates—New Jersey's Christine Todd Whitman, California's Pete Wilson and William Weld of Massachusetts—are all pro-choice.)

Shortly afterwards, potential Republican presidential candidates contracted to New Hampshire. Dole, Graham and former Tennessee governor Lamar Alexander all rejected Reed's ultimatum. But Buchanan agreed with it, declaring that "there is still this moral crisis in America. It's a cultural war being waged." Now, as the presidential campaign heats up, there is another war being waged over a crisis in the Republican party and the future shape of politics in America. □



Buchanan's early win shows the power of the religious right

Louisiana, Buchanan flew to Iowa to take on all eight Republican rivals in that state's Feb. 12 caucuses. As he touched down, the former White House speechwriter and TV talk-show star declared: "It is time for the right to take movement to go behind the one strong pro-life candidate who can win the Republican nomination and run best President. Ed Cheney." Buchanan's boast was only dimly supported by his achievements in advance of the all-white polling test in Iowa, and the new in New Hampshire on Feb. 28. Louisiana was a two-state contest, most leading candidates having given the state a pass. And before Buchanan was a late-January Alaska party poll, only two other candidates campaigned there personally—wealthy megawatt owner Steve

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WORLD



Journalists visiting
Serbian death
site, fragility

BOSNIA

Investigating evil

The arrests of suspected war criminals mar the fragile peace process

The greatest fear of mankind demands that the law shall not stay with the judgement of just crime by hate people. It must also reach those who possess great power and make deliberate and concerted use of it to set in motion great evil.

—Robert Jackson, chief American prosecutor opening the 1945 Nuremberg trial of Nazi war criminals

There was much evidence of great evil for those prosecutors, following in Robert Jackson's footsteps, who found themselves jacking their way through the death-plind lands of the former Yugoslavia last week. "This is not only a concentration camp but a death camp as well," said US state department representative John Shabak as he gave reporters a tour of the infamous Bosnian Serboman Jasenovac prison camp in northern Bosnia. "Many of the people who died, died not from bullet wounds but from severe and terrible torture that occurred in these places."

Bosnia has no shortage of places of horror

International war-crimes investigations have identified dozens of sites, from a place near Belgrade where Serbs secretly slaughtered 250 Croatian hospital patients in 1991, to central Bosnian towns where Croatian leaders are reported to have conspired atrocities against Muslims in 1993. Ploddingly but progressively, investigators are building their cases—a week's 12 indictments brought against 22 individuals so far. But they have lost to Jackson's public exhibition to any of the planners and architects of the crimes, not just the last soldiers. Among those indicted by the International War Crimes Tribunal based at The Hague are some of Bosnia's top political and military figures, notably Bosnian Serbs Radovan Karadzic and General Ratko Mladic, and Bosnian Croats Dario Kordic and General Tihomir Blaskic.

But the pursuit of justice and the pursuit of peace sometimes collide. Last week, the Bosnian government arrested five Bosnian Serb soldiers after they made a wrong turn into government-held territory near Sarajevo. Among them were Gen. Djordje Djokic and Col. Aleksa Krasanovic, whom Bosnian leaders blame for mass killings near the capital. The arrests brought to at least eight the number of Bosnian Serb soldiers being detained by the government and, although it later released four of them, they did not include the two officers. Neither man has been indicted by the war-crimes tribunal, and Bosnian Serb officials immediately denounced the arrests

Mladic himself broke a two-month public silence to announce "unproved" relations with Kordic, the National Serb that is implicating the senior government figure between all of Bosnia's warring factions last December. Suddenly, other words of steady progress towards neutrality, the fragility of the uneasy peace was again exposed.

War-crime investigators at The Hague are not deluded by the arrests, either that the tribunal's charter allows suspects to be held temporarily until investigations decide whether to lay charges. The uncomfortable fact remains that the tribunal has only one suspect in custody—Dusan Tadic, a guard from the Omarska camp—and neither the Serbians nor Croats authorities has shown much willingness to turn suspected criminals over to the international body. NATO commanders, wary of so-called "mission creep," have been reluctant to get involved in the hunt. "That would be a judgment call," said Canadian Brig. Gen. Bruce Jeffrey, who asked last month whether soldiers under his command in northeastern Bosnia would arrest any suspected war criminals. "We don't have pictures of these guys, so there's no way to identify them."

Despite NATO's reluctance and amid fears that guilty parties might be trying to cover up evidence of their crimes, the Clinton administration reinforced its backing for the tribunal. Washington instructed NATO to provide security for investigators seeking access to suspected mass graves. But the tribunal's cases will rely heavily on two types of evidence as well, especially electronically intercepted recordings of orders issued by commanders to their men in the field. The Americans have turned some of that suspiciously gathered evidence over to the tribunal, and electronic taps are also to become the 1990s equivalent of the Nazis' meticulous record-keeping of their own crimes. It was American satellite imagery, for example, that drew attention to the disturbed earth on a football field near Sarajevo that indicated the bulldozing of mass graves.

The deputy prosecutor Graham Blewett also says that killing war criminals "demonstrated themselves with their own statements." For example, he says, "Somebody said that if the 1993 Bosnian referendum on independence went ahead, there would be no Muslims left alive." That self-revelation reinforces memories of such evidence as the Nazis' heavily illustrated commemorative book on the results of the Warsaw Ghetto that was turned in as evidence at Nuremberg. "That trial, wrote Blewett, who, who caused the proceeding for London newspapers, "will win all future war-crime cases that the law can at least pause them and peace and thus give humanity a new defence against them." It may be entered for the peace process, but Bosnia's moral history shows it at a least that needs conferring.

BRUCE WALLACE in London

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World NOTES

TRAIN TRAGEDY

Two New Jersey commuter trains collided during the morning rush hour after one jumped its tracks. Three people died and more than 100 were injured. Helicopters arrived to transport the wounded from the wreckage site just outside New York City.

POPE URGES HEALING

Pope John Paul II blamed the superpowers for making Central America a bloodbath during the 1980s. He urged the region's peoples to heal the wounds caused by the clash of extreme capitalism and radical communists. The pontiff made the remarks in El Salvador, which is still recovering from a brutal civil war. His words were the most political in a week-long visit to Latin America.

DIGGING OUT FROM A QUAKE

Red Cross teams and Japanese doctors joined local relief workers coping with an earthquake in southwestern China that killed at least 250 people and destroyed 340,000 homes. Survivors of the initial quake and 6,400 aftershocks waited in freezing weather as aid groups flew blankets, clothing and temporary shelters to the remote region of Yunnan province.

OREGON FLOODING

Oregon declared a state of emergency after days of flooding left about 25,000 people homeless. At least five people died in mud slides and heavy rains before teams began clearing at week's end.

CHIEFEN LEADER'S WARNING

Chieften might could incur attacks in Western Europe, separatist leader Doholkar Dutsayev warned. In an interview on Russian television from a secret location, Dutsayev said the West had aided Moscow's "aggression" in Chechnya. Chechnya by sending \$1 billion in aid.

FLORIDA SHOOTING SPREE

A city employee, angry that he was fired after a drug test showed positive, returned to his Fort Lauderdale, Fla., workplace and fatally shot five co-workers before killing himself. The men had threatened he would come back and "do things" at the outdoor office, which serves a section of the holiday beachfront.

REMOTE-CONTROL SURGERY

A Belgian surgeon made medical history by using computers and robotics to perform an operation on a patient 300 km away. Using the same technology that allows scientists to control a spacecraft's robotic arm, the doctor performed a heart surgery on a man in Poland.



NO SURVIVORS: Workers laid bodies onto a refrigerated truck after a jet landing 150 mostly German vacationers crashed near the Dominican Republic. Only 78 dismembered bodies were recovered before the search was called off at week's end. A Dominican charter company had substituted a Turkish-owned Boeing 757 an hour before the flight, after the originally scheduled Boeing 767 showed signs of malfunction. Officials said the downed plane had been in top condition.

China vs. Taiwan

Tension rose in Taiwan amid reports that China was planning a major military exercise near the island. The reports followed statements by Chinese officials among the spectre of a mainland attack. Taiwan is a semi-sovereign independence. However, U.S. President Bill Clinton said he was confident that the threats would not lead to armed conflict because the two sides had so much at stake economically. American officials believe China's bellicose stance was aimed primarily at influencing Taiwan's December direct election of its president next month. Beijing believes current President Lee Teng-hui, the Kuo-min-tang leader, is the island, which became the stronghold of the fleeing Nationalists after the Communists took power on the mainland in 1949. Although he claims to favor eventual reunification, Lee has aggressively lobbied for foreign recognition of Taiwan, winning most success among African nations. Beijing was enraged when Washington

allowed Lee to make a "private" visit to the United States last year. It has also condemned U.S. arms sales to Taiwan, saying these must end for tensions to be eliminated.

O.J.'s blitz

In a media barrage and leaked testimony, Simpson declared he was a white hunter and sought to portray his murderous spouse as promiscuous, emotionally unstable and linked with drug dealers. The former football star, acquitted in October of the murder of his wife Nicole and her friend Ronald Goldman, faces a wrongful death civil lawsuit from the Goldman family. In calls to radio and TV programs and in an interview with the *Los Angeles Times*, he reiterated the defense claim at his trial that the murders were linked to the drug connections of his wife's friend Faye Resnick. He denied charges that he had abused Nicole, aside from one 1989 case in which he pleaded no contest. And in his leaked lawsuit testimony, he said Nicole physically attacked him and had sex with two of his friends.

about rates are lowered, the rich actually pay more taxes because they lower their *and* use of tax shelters. In the early 1980s, for example, when U.S. rates dropped from 70 to 50 per cent, the wealthiest one per cent of taxpayers increased their contributions to government revenues by 23 per cent.

Still, it is virtually certain that most wealthy Canadians would save money if they were to support rates whatever. That's because the flat rate, whatever its level, will be considerably lower than the top marginal rate. Unless these wealthy taxpayers display a formidable battery of exemptions, even they will still save money when they lose those exemptions. That means that the middle class must pay more to raise the same amount of money for government activities. Hence David French, a senior research associate at the Canadian Tax Foundation. "It is inequitable, there are major losses that voters and the system are all at the middle class. It is difficult to reform a system if what you really need is a tax reduction."

If the flat tax raises less money than the current one, Canadians have further reasons to be dubious about the idea. In a system in which the tax rate is increased, if not, they must decide how much more money they want to let into government spending so that the single rate can be set low enough to bring relief to most taxpayers. Then they must decide what new expenditures, if any, they want to preserve in a system in which taxation will no longer be a major instrument of economic and social policy. Do they want to retain the deduction for retirement plans because the population is aging? Do they want to keep the credit for political contributions? Patrick Johnston, president of the Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives, has said that his own research indicates that Canadians increase the size of their charitable donations because there is a tax incentive. "Governments are cutting expenditures on a host of services delivered by charitable organizations at the same time that there is increasing demand on these organizations," he says. "Removal of the credit would be a tragic mistake."

Whatever the result of the current debate, it represents the first real protest against the baronies of complacency of the tax system. So far the federal finance department is willing to see what the United States will do. But if the federal party adopts a flat tax, it is almost certain that the federal government will, at the very least, stand a few firms before the next election. Many think that the flat tax issue has focused attention on the fact that Ottawa takes savings from once when the taxpayer pays the money and again, when the taxpayer loses all the money from that money he has saved and invested. "Savings taxes are very low now," he observes. "Ultimately, we have to choose to go in one direction or the other. The pressure now is to encourage investment and job creation through the tax system." If nothing else, that should be a useful achievement for a Liberal defeat.

A snitch in time

Here's one way to beat the tobacco lobby.



PERSONAL BUSINESS

BY BOBIS LAWLER

Jeffrey Wigand, until 1993, when he was fired under disputed circumstances, was a senior director for Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., America's third largest cigarette maker. Not long after the 53-year-old biochemist blew the whistle on his former employer. In a federal testimony last fall in a lawsuit against the tobacco industry by the state of Mississippi, Wigand said that he had repeatedly covered up research about the harmful effects of nicotine, and that his former chairman had asked him to Congress about his views on nicotine addiction.

In some quarters, that makes Wigand a hero. But if B&W executives in which aren't exactly the sort to turn the other cheek. Instead, they assembled a team of private detectives to dig up every conceivable bit of dirt on their former colleague. The result: a 500-page dossier, which B&W turned over to *The Wall Street Journal*, partially overflows with nasty allegations, from sexual abuse and shoplifting to making exaggerated claims in his résumé. Although the *Journal* has since concluded that many of the company's allegations are false or unproven, B&W isn't backing down. "What it adds up to," a company lawyer claimed, "is that Jeffrey Wigand is a pathological liar."

Outraged by the tobacco industry, Wigand's former employer has agreed to a 10% of his former salary. But as a corporate whistle-blower, he is in good company. Thanks to legal reforms in the 1980s, the United States boasts some of the world's strongest laws to protect employees who report corporate wrongdoing. Many of these provisions reward people who come forward with evidence of fraud against the government, while others cover areas such as health and safety or the environment. The result has been to increase the pressure on corporations to behave responsibly, freely because failing to do so can have devastating or costly consequences.

Whistle-blowing, in fact, has become big business in the States. Under the False

Claims Act, people who discover fraud in government procurement can launch private lawsuits against the corporations concerned. If they win, they are eligible for a bounty equal to between 15 and 30 per cent of the proceeds assessed against the company. Since the heavily provisioned law took effect in 1986, plaintiffs have filed more than 1,300 such suits. Many are still before the courts, but already Washington has recovered more than \$1.4 billion, mainly in cases involving defence contractors and health-care providers. A few publicly-traded companies have become candidates.

Given that, with the situation in Canada, where corporate whistle-blowing is all but non-existent. What was the last time a Canadian executive went public with evidence that his or her company was slipping off the public purse or otherwise violating the law?

"There are very few cases of whistle-blowing in this country, at least because there is little protection for people who come forward," says Howard Lewis, a Toronto-based lawyer who has spent an inordinate amount of time on employment law. He adds that the courts have developed "a fairly

heated net of allegations that some contractors over their employees' "whistle-blowing" to overlook the obligations that these contractors owe their country.

Fortunately, there's a growing consensus on the need for change. In December, *Industry Canada* published a groundbreaking report on corporate governance which it recommended, among other things, that Parliament take steps to shield whistle-blowers from retaliation and offer bonuses in cases involving public safety. Robert Howe, an assistant law professor at the University of Toronto who co-wrote the section on whistle-blowing, says that such measures are particularly important now that governments are contracting out more services to private industry. "People talk about welfare fraud, but the amount of oversight on corporations is really very minimal. I have an impression that as enormous amounts of fraud could be exposed." As Jeffrey Wigand knows all too well, those who blow the whistle often suffer from an enormous strain and hardship. It's time Ottawa looked them some support.

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Canada's most successful private broadcaster sets his sights on a national network

BY JENNIFER WELLS

dry-spice, who describes himself as a former supermarket manager turned chef, is enjoying the carnivorous gastronomic convergence of a glass of red wine and a sorbet of orange nady ambrosia flavas, the organs of which are made more difficult to digest by the Citrus A. Just Asper is currently seeking "the setting in the Volcan Glacé in Wapiti." **CO**

establishment during hours of the reformation and later boutique vintage, accessible via the underground labyrinth at Portage and Main that not only binds the corporate core of the city, but keeps its participants out of the long-winded, ill-considered, and unhelpful "theatre of the absurd." At the end of the night, corporate banquettes sit empty, as usually telling a metaphor in the

Richardson for the sake of goodwill, class in Wisconsin. The Richardson family were banking their family fortune along the First World War. Amy Asper did not get married to the radio broadcasting business until 1934, when he bought KGO in Portland, O.R., located in north in Wisconsin, and bought the call letters to KGO. There followed a couple of corporate takeovers—deferring voters, Asper calls them—and continuous growth that make all the more surprising his progress since then. To Australia, To New Zealand, To Chile: Asper is now 62. By the time he is through, he will be 70.

He does not say that he will have built a dynasty, but his three offspring have taken on key corporate roles, and they will accede to ownership, as there is that, too.

The current focus of Larry Asper's entrepreneurial

phistered secret that Jack Fraser, once head of the once-mighty Federal Industrial Security, Ltd., used to build cover. After the military's statutory responsibility to compile, rationalize and move on all its grand corporate police was Wagner's 175,000, Fraser offered Arger his unofficial White House office for conducting after-five affairs. The groove, says Arger, was supposed to make him feel "all right and fuzzy." Arger declined.

He did, however, take over Fraser's corporate headquarters, three swish floors that from the 23rd-story perch affords the high-angle view of the city. At first, Ager worried that the offices were too low. "Then we thought, Screw it," and moved in anyway. It is from here that Ager rules

headquaters in the building of Canada's third national network. To that end, CMC has hired applications with the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) for stations in Vancouver, and Edmonton, Calgary, Lethbridge and Red Deer in Alberta. The company is still awaiting a hearing on its proposed acquisition, through a joint venture with TELMetropole, of Quebec City's cross, which would, through signal extensions, give a Montreal feed. With existing MTV in Detroit, W.S., and CTV in Vancouver, licensing approval would give Aupres its national dream, a sea-to-sea spread of English language channels.

Perhaps in part to convince skeptics of the contributions it would make as a network—or "system," as Anger prefers to call it—CaeWest has invested in new all-Canadian programming efforts. On Feb. 1, CaeWest Global started airing *Zonein*, a sleek series of one-hour shows produced by Atlanta Film's kid of Toronto. *Zonein* aims to provide an inside look at the megaprojects, canyons, ponds and con-

Asper is the chairman of Winnipeg's CMOA, where he says he wants to create a "third option" to CTV and the CBC, he is speaking as a one-handed news junkie.

modifies set, capitalism in prime time. On launch night, the show drew 450,000 viewers in Ontario, an extremely strong showing against the phenomenally popular *ER*.

Theater costs \$600,000 an episode, which is not astronomical, as many reports have claimed: the most expensive Canadian-made series *Atlantic* presiding Michael MacMillan says one-hour series typically cost between \$700,000 and \$1.1 million an episode—the early episodes of *Star Trek* cost more than \$2 million, as did *Atlantic's* own *Tek Wars*. What is different about *Theater* is that the show was fully financed in Canada, and *MacMillan* is not the lowest-costing. Crow-

at Canada as expressed by the historic *Milvian Creed*, that when we sit across from Canadians. In any nation, all the public affairs trend outside the CBC. And yes, if you want to be critical, still it shaped the country and its culture. At the very least, it was a good thing. As Angus Armstrong admitted at his resignation, he could have said that ABC were the name but already said it, will offer something new. "The more broadcasting points of view there are," he says, "the more informed the public will be, and the more balanced the points of view will be." It is an obvious paradox, but it needs, for the moment, to be stated nonetheless; and the CBC itself supported every

[illegible]

Asper never lets his friends, or anyone for that matter, forget that he was one of the first to come out against the March Lake scandal. It was during March that Asper's distaste for the CBC in editorial terms became fully formed: His socks in a Chinese A, then Mervyn's a low, neutered-infused growl "The CBC, instead of expressing a view that was reasoned, objective, considered and responsible, became a purveyor of hysteria and presented an

COVER

Izzy's Dream

A man in a dark suit and patterned tie is operating a large industrial machine, possibly a press or mill. He is smiling and looking towards the camera. The machine has a large 'S' logo on the left side. The background is dark and industrial.

'There's only one reason he wants to do this. Ego.'

have a point of view? Says Asper: "You're damn right it will," and how will that point of view be formed? There are, says Asper, a number of options. As a citizen, he'd vote. "Nobody has to vote with me," he adds, "provided if our disagreements are well formed." But

Asper's the South-western of the CanWest Global System, which operates the company's nine Canadian stations, say to the media and the media that the CanWest network would not try to "buy" Peter Mansbridge's Peter Mansbridge? To Asper, that merely means that he will not run a competing national news show at 10 o'clock. And what will he call this network? Soncor or CanWest or a much younger vintage than the boss has suggested it simply be called Free.

The television company is a small, secretive and somewhat

ing. As such, it is difficult to wrest controversy as to just why Asper would want to do this, particularly given the rather perverse economics of networks (page 46). "I think there's only one reason why he wants to do this," says our art work player. "Ego. There certainly isn't a business reason for doing it. He wants to be seen on the future, or president, of the next national network." That Fraser, president at Toronto-based specialty channel Vision TV, says he would never do Asper's cleverness. "There's a method in whatever madness he seems to be exhibiting," he says.

As Fraser says, the game for all broadcasters, and particularly across current broadcasters, is to get what he calls "syndication," which, of course, drive advertisers. Asper has no eyeballs in Alberta. He applied for licenses there five years ago and was rejected. At the time, the CRTC, which Alberta's provincial government, said that CanWest's proposal failed to offer anything by way of program quality or disbursement to offset the negative impact on the existing three licensees. But now, Alberta is back on the commercial side as a given. And CanWest has trumped its application for license there with promises of national benefits. Glen Campbell, an analyst at Scotia Wealth Inc. in Toronto, believes the difficulties for CanWest going into markets that already have three players. Western International Communications Inc. (WICI) of Vancouver, CTV and CIBC believe CanWest would grab the No. 1 or No. 2 spot. "Clearly the competition for WICI would be significant," says Campbell. CanWest currently outbids all that popular prime-time programming in WICI in the Alberta markets. If its applications are successful, it would broadcast that programming itself. Last month, WICI filed with provincial CanWest alleging that the compa-

COVER

nie agreed orally last summer to extend the sale contract, significant for another 30 years.

Barry Asper lives his life, by means, keep your options open—but don't commit until you have to, don't let the shop. His children had a short list of 35 trained for his office well. Asper could well be another day, another level. Asper made his professional career as a lawyer, and made from his five years as the leader of the Manitoba Liberals—a vice premier party in the 1970s—the career has been marked by corporate courtroom fights, which he usually won. There was the 1988 battle with the Alford clan over control of cement in Vancouver, now called CTV. He won that. There was the notorious fight for control of Global TV. He won that, too. The company's place in the Network 70 in Australia took it into regulatory



Roaming it up with (from left to right) God, David and Lorraine. The only sadness is I'm not 39.

Head About Time



Friends



hides there, outbidding allegations that it illegally controlled the network in contravention of that country's foreign ownership laws. CanWest was, in fact, about the only time Asper did not end up in court was, during the infamous lawsuit with Gerry Schwartz, with whom he had attempted to build a Winnipeg-based conglomerate. There, again, Asper's ideas about corporate direction were noted down by the board by a margin of nine to one, which did not give him much room to manoeuvre.

When Asper and Schwartz fell out in 1993, 30 per cent of the then-shareholders followed Schwartz to Toronto to invest in his leveraged buy-out shop, Quest Corp. Asper remained control of the remaining assets, including 48 per cent of Global and a couple of shares in CTV. It was not, obviously, the best of times. The following year, he had a triple bypass, during which three cigarettes were smuggled into the hospital by co-conspirators.

Without Global, the company's central Ontario power, Asper had won a source of law to building television stations. We look at CanWest today without Global it is one racey-losing station in Saskatchewan and Atlantic Canada and a barely profitable CRTC. The Global was in 1988 allowed Asper to acquire a "greater position" as he handed programming responsibility to David Minto. "Minto made it happen," says Roy Hurd, former news director at Global. "Barry was the strategist. Minto got the Super Bowl, The Young and the Restless, 60 Minutes." In the early 1980s days, it was programming of cheap reruns, The Monty Python—We can get, God, I don't know how many years," says Asper—I Love Lucy, Gilligan's Island—"We lived off that for a few bloody years, too—"



The Family

Caroline in the City

that made money for CanWest. Photographic memories are kept on office walls of these business builders, though the use of Chamber's Asper in their own hair and body hair. Asper's top was ordered removed after a 6 to 5 vote. No one imagined then that such beginnings would take Asper's wife's special distance of Canada's billionaires' club.

AIR SUPREMACY

Week after week, CanWest Global dominates the ratings in the Toronto-Hamilton area, Canada's most competitive broadcasting market. The top 30 programs for the week of Jan. 29 to Feb. 4:

1. Scholar	Global
2. The X-Files	Global
3. Friends	Global
4. The Single Guy	Global
5. Caroline in the City	Global
6. IN	CTV (CTV)
7. Murder . . . with Children	Global
8. America's Funniest Home Videos	CTV (CTV)
9. Weekend Night in Canada	CBIT (CBC)
10. Mad About You	Global

750

gark beach in his front yard. The girl is wearing a Grey Cup totem. "Nobody's ever stolen that," says Asper of the hat. "That's one of the remarkable things about living in Winnipeg."

For the past 30 years, Asper has never lived more than a couple of city blocks from this spot. He moved to River Heights with his parents just after the Second World War. He and his wife, Babs, raised their three children here, all of whom, David, 37, Gail, 35, and Lorraine, 31, became lawyers like their father. It has always seemed curious that Asper would stay bound by Winnipeg, particularly after winning the fight for the Toronto-based Global, and particularly when the focus of his career was there. One day, Asper phoned Wal-Mart founder Sam Walton and asked him how he managed to stay the retail giant from the publicly listed of Bentonville, Ark. Why not, said Sam. If you are going to sell sweaters and hardware in New York City, where the real money is, why not run the selling out of

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. HARRIS

Berkeley, where the rest is fit a square foot? Asper pays \$17 in Winnipeg, compared with Toronto's \$25. As Asper enters his home, he is met by Babo and by Bernice the Barrister. The Lithuanian wife, says Asper, would be a great deal if he were not to drink. (Bernice piddles where he should not.) Asper walks through his study, over the china rug and past the elephant-occasional table, into what is customarily referred to as the family or "the Germaine room." He sits on a faux velvet couch, the cushions of which are lit by explained by the pressure brought to bear by his offspring, and their distance for their father's affinity for destructive dead animal parts. They wink so far as to enter "Mummy Tala," the basic hotel that hangs on a wall at the family entrance, with fake blood, a sort of Gaudi-esque memento.

The Germaine room is not exactly a shrine, but it certainly is a shrine. And it represents Asper's intellectual bent, which is very hard to put at Asper has always lived far over since the day his brother brought him a bar mitzvah present of Oscar Levant playing Rhapsody in Blue. It had to be smashed into the house. It was jazz, and jazz was vulgar, as so too is father's. "He really believed that after Beethoven died they closed the shop," he says.

In the 1930s, Leon Asper was a contractor with the state army company in Belgium. Lay's mother, Cecilia, was a priest. By the Depression, they were working as a



Asper and wife Babo in the Germaine room. Just is a stabilizer

Asper's son Leonard talks of 'global domination'

success in Canadian movie business. When the talks came, and their jobs went, they bought the Lyric theatre in Minneapolis, Minn., where Lay was born. After the "flaming" came, Leon Asper bought two local movie houses in the Dakota and the Valley, where Lay would take tickets and watch Gumball in the 1930s time will be had of the words mentioned.

By his anniversary years, Asper was paying his way to New York, to see George Shearing at the celebrated Birdland nightclub, and write reviews for the University of Manitoba student newspaper. But it was not until the fugue state of Lay Asper, when he was "stabbed" at home recovering from his



George Shearing as Manitoba Liberal leader in 1972, political off-spring

most surgery. But it was his quest for Germaine marriage. "Why? Just because I wanted them," says Asper. "It was a wonderful time in New York—the 30s and '40s. Irving Berlin. Mostly Woolly Party (it's a pun)."

On one Germaine room will hang the original one listed in which George, in the spring of 1937, sold off rights to Rhapsody in Blue to the RCA Victor company for \$200. Asper has a copy of the sheet music to Perry and Alex, written by George and his Germaine on brown paper bags. There is small stuff: a 1939 receipt from Abercrombie and Fitch (George bought a

coat for \$45), and bag stuff a floor to ceiling glass sliding wall, etched with Germaine's New York house, and Germaine's performance in New York, and Germaine's girls Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. "And there," says Asper, pointing to five etched blossoms, "as me and Babo and the kids."

There is a synchronicity between Lay Asper's past thinking and his corporate thinking. This could sound scary to shareholders. His syncretic rhythm makes him erratic. Even friends say he, usually those who have found themselves off for months at a time. Asper is a man who has lived hyper-erecting hard, pulling fire-

politics. Then, the man who is otherwise a lover will "blowup." Just is a crutch, a stabilizer, a safety-preserving exercise. In the old days, when Lennox Service was playing at the Wigwag in Winnipeg's Broadway Avenue, Asper would hang out there. Or in New York. His days in politics consumed such distractions, kept him out of the spots where "he lot of deep was being smoked." Asper stayed his wicked Liberal, closer to Tories as a sometimes reluctant strategist and admiring of Pierre Trudeau, streaming, when he could, to raise the voice of the West in whatever configura-

tion of Confederation was being led. But business was much more important to Asper's unexamined self. He is egalitarian but ungentlemanly, and often quarrelsome. He likes to argue and to win the pot, and so when he gives a speech in Anaheim he might say, as he did last May, that there is no Kerry Packer and Robert Marlowe "don't grow so trees, they grow from them." Now, says Asper, Packer is dead and Marlowe is alive, he says, he's back to his sense of humor. It also, he says, "allows you to approach anything on the basis of nothing is too ridiculous, nothing is too outrageous to consider." The denigrating are coherent statements. "The funny mental process is you have no idea where it's going to an except you know that you never lose track of what you're doing. You may go down a blind alley with a thought. Just remember to do that all the time. Take off on a tack, and push it to the absolute limit." By the way, there is a city, Asper admits, Down Eyebrow as a racket, who takes the place keys to the edge, then someone, someone, brings the piece full circle.

The work for CanWest will not be made while in Asper's tent. He says to himself, "And so he is growing his idea to be 'qualified' owners. That, he says, talking of families that have founded over French, Canadian Tire and jewelry stores, is how you beat "the McCain, Billas, Durka syndrome, if you beat it." Gail was the first on the board and is the company's president, who takes the place keys to the edge, then someone, someone, brings the piece full circle.

to step in. In 1986, and big stuff a floor to ceiling glass sliding wall, etched with Germaine's New York house, and Germaine's performance in New York, and Germaine's girls Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. "And there," says Asper, pointing to five etched blossoms, "as me and Babo and the kids."

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CASH COW

CanWest's profit margin in the year ending on Aug. 31, 2000, easily exceeded those of Canada's three other major English-Canadian broadcasters

	CANWEST	BCTV	CHUM	WIC
(In millions)				
REVENUES	\$306.7	\$254.3	\$217.4	\$422.3
PROFITS*	\$96.4	\$36.1	\$25.8	\$62.7
NET MARGINS	31.4%	14.2%	11.9%	14.9%

*Before interest, taxes and depreciation

Wich for years," he says. When WIC, the Calgary CTV affiliate, was put into play, and when WIC failed to bid for it, "we said, 'They're paralyzed. They're not protecting their core asset.' CanWest put together a shareholders' not agree WIC, which, had it been successful, would have put to rest the matter. The matter, and is now under appeal. "Our view," says Leonard, "is much less, much more, and one of them will land."

CanWest has punched successfully into New Zealand, with a 20 percent stake in TV3. ("I can't remember when we're doing extraordinarily well in New Zealand at 6 o'clock," says Asper.) It is in New Zealand. In 1993, the company bought an 11.5 percent stake in Network Ten. In 1994, the company bought a 10 percent stake in the La Red network in Chile, which has been a target. They looked at Spain. And Germany. Leonard spent months studying Germany. The company recently took a pass in Argentina. "There are 60 million Poles who speak English," says Leonard. "We should be there."

Last May, David Laid CanWest's bid for the Channel 5 license in the United Kingdom. Calling itself 10TV, the CanWest group tabled a \$75-million plan with 500 hours of original British programming in its first year, from children's to entertainment to a proposed Sir Richard Attenborough series, Churchill, based on the William Shakespeare books David Asper, who gave 18 months of his life to the project, about he had it in his head. Concerning England would have been a huge win. The biggest. But the Independent Television Commission disliked the high percentage of UKTV's proposed repeat broadcasts, the low percentage of what it called "factual programming" and what it found to be a disproportionate amount of repeat children's entertainment programming. On Oct. 27, the ITC announced that it had awarded the license to the London-based commercial electronic that owns The Economist and Thames Television—and which had just \$30 million less than CanWest. David Asper says he will again try to gain entry to the U.K. market as soon as the opportunity arises. In the meantime, says Asper again, "when England turned us down and screw it. It's all black on the Canadian end." Three weeks later, CanWest made its Canadian application filings to the CRTC. As Jack Layton on Tuesday says "This isn't poker. This is chess. It's not about the bluff. It's about knowing where you're going to be 10 moves in advance."

Even with the problems in Chile, CanWest's international push was a flourish. "If you look at the strategy of broadcasters in Canada, they are the only ones to go from local into international opportunities," says CIBC World's Gary's Grosser. Certainly David and Leonard see their future in international markets, or "global domination," as Leonard puts it. Concurrently, the children are developing, outside CanWest, an expansion into real estate. Leonard talks about diversification, and how that "needs to be done." We want to be in the major broadcast of the country. That's diversification and globalization, and we should start the process now."

Should they be successful, their father will not be around to witness it. "It'll never be done in my lifetime. It'll never be done in my kids' lifetime," he says. Asper has enjoyed his time—not enough of it. "The only sadness is I'm not 35," he says. He is sitting on his sofa couch, the sky black over the Anishnabow River as he looks, the smoke rings circling above his head, the jazz making the Germaine room all warm and fuzzy. He becomes a man of a month. There he goes for his old pipe, the one about the Catholic view of life beginning at conception, and the Protestant view of life begins again at birth and the Jewish view of life beginning when the kids leave home and the dog dies. The children have long since left home, started families, and are now in their own most moves. For his part, Bernice the Barrister has been banished to the basement. □

Even Asper says his profits would suffer in the short term

There are two national English-language networks in Canada: the government-owned CBC and the privately owned CTV. Now, Izzy Asper wants regulatory approval to build a third. There is nothing magic, he says, about going to three networks, "but there's something about three."

The network booster at Asper's CanWest Global likes to point out that Australia, with a population of 18 million, and New Zealand, with just 3.5 million, have four and three networks respectively. New Zealand's TV3, however, was its second network two years after it launched in 1989. It was CanWest, which stepped into the network in 1991 with both money and management, that forced it around. In Australia, CanWest has 15 per cent of the equity in Network Ten. The third commercial network to enter that market, Ten has recently become highly profitable, last year reaching \$102 million in revenues of \$278.7 million. CanWest has a 52-per-cent economic interest in Ten, so its share of that network's revenues was \$33.5 million, figures that do not show up on the CanWest balance sheet. To put that in perspective, Bata Broadcasting Corp. of Toronto, which has 21 Canadian television stations, had total revenues of \$254 million last year. If CanWest were able to consolidate its Australian results, its revenues would surpass those of Western International Communications Inc. (WICI) of Vancouver. Even without Australia, CanWest is Canada's most profitable broadcaster by a wide margin.

Bata and WICI are CanWest's toughest Canadian commercial competitors. Both are part of the CTV network, and both have independent stations outside CTV. The network itself, a co-operative creation of the 1950s, has been an intercompany battleground for years. Observers have long expected—and proved false—ownership consolidation. Doug Bossett, chief executive of Bata, which is controlled by the Eaton family, has often appeared to be the nearest bet. It has not happened yet.

In the meantime, Bata, via its powerful CTVO station in Toronto, started calling itself the Bata Broadcasting System, or BBS, giving itself a network look without going national. WICI, meanwhile, has had its ownership troubles battling the Allied clan of Edmonton. And it has moved into other ventures, including the troubled direct-to-home satellite business.

Given that it is the individual stations, and not the network, that turn the profits, the prolonged duopoly in CTV is no surprise. Like the U.S. network, CTV has few assets. Ken Auletta, the journalist and author who examined CBN, WICI and ABC in the 1991 book *Three Blind Mice*, says that a network is nothing more than an office building "where executives package programs they do not own and sell them to advertisers and local stations they do not own." CTV packages and sells 40 hours of programming a week, which will bring the network closer to \$130 million in revenues this year. But on those 40 hours, the CTVO ignores substantial Canadian programming requirements as a condition of the license. In 1994, the network spent \$87 million on Canadian programming

COVER

CTV does not release profit figures, but they are widely presumed to be less than zero. "It's not a very attractive goal to buy the CTV network," says Ray Peters, a former WICI president and CTV board member. "It's not worth anything, it doesn't make any

money and they are constantly shelling out what the CTVO is telling them that they must do and what they can afford to pay for." Yet networks occupy a special place in the television pantheon. Ken Auletta calls it a "common church." The networks, after all, belong to the public, and it is still networks, even with satellites and scores of channels, that stand the best chance in television of finding that public together. Asper is hoping that such sentiments will galvanize the Canadian public, whose households now spend almost six hours a day in front of the tube, to support the CanWest pitch. The figures for land-owning over the currently "crippled" CBC, and the ever-growing fragmentation of the viewing audience, make the need for another network all the more obvious.

Why a network?



Patrick McKenna and Sandra Smith in Toronto. Asper on the left: the main shared experience

But the CTVO is bound to demand substantial programming commitments from CanWest. And unlike in New Zealand, where the company has pursued a go-cheap strategy, a national network will cost CanWest plenty in Canada. Asper says profits will certainly be hurt in the short term. He has proved he can drive a commercial—real American—schedule that drives commercial revenue. What is unknown is whether he can still make a business case by meeting the regulators' expectations.

Whatever they may be. "It's not really clear what the commission is looking for these days," says one CTV insider. "Five years ago, my knee-jerk reaction would have been they're looking for Canadian drama and kids' shows. But I'm not sure that applies anymore." Stephen Lewis, past president of CanWest, says, "The policy ought to be there to support the creation of strong national broad owners who are profitable and are in a position to spend more money on Canadian production."

Asper says he will do that. His kids say so, too. And they believe he's doing that through a network. "There is something to be said," says David Asper, "about the main shared experience."

JENNIFER WELLS

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THE NATION'S BUSINESS



...strong, that it cannot—and probably should not—survive in the 500-channel universe, which the technical world's quest is right around the corner.

The opposite is true. "The very power of the 500-channel universe to fragment Canada makes the CBC imperative," insisted CBC president Masters as he resigned to protect the coin life was right. We need the CBC more than ever because, with all its faults, it alone provides the electronic bridge that allows the country to speak to itself.

It's fashionable for right-wing critics to make fun of Canadian patriots who espouse the national destiny with the fate of the CBC. They make their case against public broadcasting in terms of the poor cousin that the CBC has become. But they're dead wrong in terms of what this country's public broadcaster could be and should be. Even at its self-indulgent worst, *Blue Adeline* (Charles's incontinent reverberations, the CBC is the only TV network we've got that can claim superior nonentertainment potential.

A good example of how the CBC can redeem itself has been the trigonometric saga of its late-evening news, which lost its doct in 1992 when the network moved the news to 9 p.m. and defied *The Journal*, the best program in the CBC's history. Two years later, having cleared a path of their audience, they reversed themselves and moved the news back to its original time slot. Since then, under producer Tony Burman's inspired direction, *The National News* has regained much of its following, and is once again holding its own against the national agenda.

The importance of TV as a force in nation-building can hardly be exaggerated. With our kids watching 900 hours or more of TV a year—and at least 80 per cent of it spreading the gospel of the American way of life—we must maintain a vibrant indigenous alternative.

There's virtually no chance of resurrecting the national broadcaster with its current mandate, which has been eroded deliberately enough to be meaningless. Five years ago, then-Communications Minister Marcel Masse, who lost the election out of the closet as a full-fledged separatist, the recently took over the PQ's *Pana Africa*, severed the link between the CBC and the national purpose. Placed in charge of Canadian culture by Jean Charest, he used the guise of a revisionist history to attempt to dismantle the CBC's previous mandate "to promote national unity." Even though he admitted he was doing so because the directive was "a biased and unacceptable propaganda tool for strong ideologues," as one in the *Toronto Star* aptly tried to stop him. "I have renounced the obligation to provide national unity," Masse boasted at the time, "because it is, first, maintaining this political value artificially and, second, it was a constraint on freedom of expression."

That was hogwash then, and it's even worse, as legend now. Allow the CBC to survive, as Canada can flourish.

Save the country by salvaging the CBC

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

The understandable fuss caused by the *Journal* columnist's silly recommendation that Canadians be charged about \$6 per household per month to support the country's public broadcaster obscured the report's worthy purpose to document why we need the CBC, and describe how it can become relevant again.

The funding proposal—which was dismissed up by some critics as accurate at the Toronto accounting house of Ernst & Young, who had never heard of the phrase "politically viable"—would, when fully implemented in 2001, raise more than \$1.3 billion for the CBC, compared with its \$1.38-billion income from Parliament and ad revenues last year. The hypothetical advantage of the scheme was that it would have insulated the network, what it has always dreamed of, long-term funding independent of the vagaries of governments of the day.

A possible alternative to the doomed *Journal* approach might be to place a levy on private broadcasters, getting them to finance the CBC in return for lowering existing broadcast content rules. But a much sounder solution would be to hold the Liberals accountable for the promises they made in their Red Book, which got them elected in the fall of 1995. On page 39 of that document, Jean Chrétien was very specific: "A Liberal government," he pledged, "will be committed to stable annual year financing for national cultural institutions such as the CBC." Three months later, then-Prime Minister Michel Dupuy was even more specific when he named Anthony Manes the CBC's new president. "The government," he wrote in his appointment letter, "considers stable multi-year funding for the CBC as the most effective way of establishing its return to a healthy & growing position. I am, therefore, pleased to confirm that the government is prepared to commit itself to such a plan and to affirm that it does not intend to capsize new regula-

The Chrétien government is conspiring to ensure the CBC's early demise, or to condemn it to the half-life of the National Film Board

tions on the CBC over the next five years."

Three years later, Dupuy's depart more informed Masters than the Liberals had gone back on their pledge and were reducing the CBC's budget by more than \$300 million in the next three years—more than the \$128 million to cuts imposed by the Mulroney government. Contrary to the government's repeated promises to allow the people's network the fiscal freedom to do some sensible long-term planning, the Liberals hung the CBC out to dry.

That betrays suggests that the Chrétien government has lost faith in the CBC as the country's key national cultural institution and is conspiring to weaken its operations to ensure its early demise, or condemn it to the half-life being endured by the Canada Council and the National Film Board.

That's a serious situation that demands immediate action. Critically English-language CBC television has been losing its audience appeal. Even a decade ago it was commanding nearly a quarter of its available audience, now less than 13 per cent of its potential viewers tune in and, with drastically reduced program, program quality is bound to suffer. The argument is made that the CBC is dead

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Taking in the trash

In their quest for higher ratings, have television talk shows gone too far?

BY JOE CHIDLEY

It is all captured on videotape. Shownow wants to make up with her ex-boyfriend, but she has a problem: Calvin wants for an escort service, and unless he goes it up, she'll never go back to him. What she doesn't know, however, is that Calvin is an escort not for other women, but for men. When he reveals that bizarre fact to her, she starts to cry—and the audience giggles. But Shownow gets even more upset when Calvin introduces her to Anthony, who turns out to be his gay lover. Anthony and Shownow share it not verbally—at one point he calls her "a gold-digging bitch." Calvin's mother then joins the fray, strutting up to Anthony and telling him to "stand up." The pressure rises, the crowd buzzes, and on Mon and Tuesdays start showing each other, the stage erupts into a laugh of cringing humanity.

And so it goes. The stage for that particular family drama last week was the Jerry Springer show. But it could have been any one of the more than a dozen audience-participation talk shows that crowd the daytime television landscape like mobile homes in a trailer park. With some variations, the formula—from *Paula Patton* and *The Howard Stern Show* to *Donna Lee* and a new Canadian entry, *Camille Cook*—is the same: an octopus-like

audience and a host or two charismatic best confidant guests who are in need, apparently, of enlightenment or social castigation. Every day, on almost every channel, the shows offer a parade of human kink talk about subjects both silly and serious. Chick—sneak. Chick—pregnant. Immigrants. Chick—a transvestite beauty pageant. Chick—the men of the 1930s and the women who love them.

Controversial, bawdy and cheap in practice, talk shows make for energetic, profitable television. And although some analysts say that their appeal is waning, daytime talk ers still draw more than 30 million viewers in Canada and the United States every day. In recent months, however, a growing chorus of dissenting voices has arisen over the shows' display of what often amounts to sheer human depravity. In attempting to compete their cheap competitors, critics ask, have talk shows gone too far?

"In these shows, indecent exposure is celebrated as a virtue."

—William Bennett, co-director of *Empower America*

Last March, Jon Schwartz, a 29-year-old writer from Oxford Township, Mich., appeared on the Chicago-based *Joan Jones Show* to meet a secret admirer. Jones, a former comedian from London, Ont., had used



the secret-admirer stunt in the past, and it had been a hit with the audience. But this one took a tragic turn. When Schwartz was introduced to his admirer—a 29-year-old gay man named Scott Anderson—he said he was flattered, but added "I'm a heterosexual." Three days later, Schwartz finally stated Anderson in the chair. Afterwards, he said that he had felt bewildered by what happened on Jones's show. Anderson, Schwartz reportedly told police, "I feel as if I'm on national TV."

To critics like William Bennett, the *Anderson murder* is clear evidence that at least some talk shows have crossed the line of acceptability. Last October, the former U.S. education secretary, along with Democratic Senator Joe Lieberman, launched an attack on so-called trash TV through Bennett's organization, *Empower America*, a conservative public interest group that claims 600,000 members. Bennett and Lieberman asked that sponsors rethink their support of the "trash" talk shows, which included *Joan Jones*, *Sally Jessy Raphael*, *Conan*, *Rich Loe* and *Jerry Springer*. *Need* said a list of show topics—among them, "Women Who Marry Their Rapists" (Ginsdale) and "New That I've Slept with Rick, He Treats Me Like Dirt" (Mits

Leiter)—Bennett charged that such programs were contributing to a pervasive "cultural rot" in America. "Today, we declare ourselves to be part of a movement," Bennett declared, "a resistance operation to the great popular culture abuse machine."

So far, the *Empower America* campaign—essentially a TV ads and in rapid succession written by Bennett—has had mixed results. Christian Pickens, the organization's director of communications, says that *Empower America* has received thousands of support phone calls. And he claims that several major daytime TV advertisers, including Procter & Gamble and Sears department stores, have withdrawn advertising from or developed screening procedures for the more outrageous shows—although he acknowledges that some of these companies' efforts predated the campaign. (At Canada, there has been no official corporate response, but industry sources say some advertisers have begun to express "discomfort" with the more outrageous shows.)

Bennett's campaign has sent a slight chill through the talk-show industry. Last month at the National Association of Television Program Executives meeting in Las Vegas,

Springer (left) looks waiting to go on his show. "People continue to find it talk about their private lives on TV."



Scott promising 'Canadian values'

Nev, Gerardo Rivera vowed that his revamped show, to begin next season, would clean up its act. "We're going rid of the sleaze—it's all history," said Rivera, whose talk show became infamous for its on-air causticities with celebrities and neo-Nazi "Treddy, I was sick off." Stopples, however, says that Rivera has made the same commitment at least three times before.

If nothing else, the anti-trash campaign has put talk TV into the mainstream of public debate in the United States. Although he agrees with many of the criticisms, Yale University sociologist Joshua Gamson points out that so-called trash talk shows at least allow guests (evicted from mainstream society—such as homosexuals—no opportunity

to speak. Richard Bennett's campaign, adds Gamson, "is the imposition of a particular morality and the desire to shut some people up and keep them invisible." Washington Post media reporter Howard Rosenberg, author of *Hot Air*, a new book on talk-show culture, says that such positive benefits are overstated. "The parade of freaks and victims on these programs," Korte says, "deflates (revolves) down in a way that makes bawdy and puffed behavior seem almost commonplace."

In fact, the increasing unacceptability of talk shows has started to shake up the genre itself. Oprah Winfrey still remains No. 1 in the talk game—but her ratings slipped after her new last season not to include in any new season. And last season, after 12 years on the air, Donatella left viewers to her ratings and last exposure in key markets. That was double trouble to younger, bigger, and more sensual shows hosted by the likes of 27-year-old Katie Couric, now the No. 2 talk show in the United States. "I don't want to bring judgment against Donatella," host Phil Donahue, 60, said of his former competitor after announcing his retirement. "But I don't have a particular interest in doing that kind of show either."

The Canadian shows show will replace Donahue in many markets is well aware of the line that separates respectability and sleaze. Toronto-born Phil Bouchard, a 29-year-old writer-producer for the two-season *Grace Under Fire* in Los Angeles, says that he has wanted to host a talk show since he was 12. A stand-up comedian by trade, he says that his program will take "a lighter approach" than other audience-participation talk shows, and where it comes to sleaze, *The Phil Bouchard Show*, premiering in September, will stay away from it—probably. "People say, 'Oh, don't do that kind of show programming,'" Bouchard says. "But then you see the ratings and you think, hey, there's a contradiction here somewhere, because people are watching these things and saying they're not."

There are alternatives, of course. In the United States, *Open House* and *Katie Lee*, hosted by the jadedish Katie Couric and the loquacious *Barbara Lee* Gaffney, stages daily celebrity live-ins in Canada, the partly *Joan Jones Show* manages a similar blend of star turns and human interest pieces. And there are the more subtle talk shows, like *Larry King Live* on CNN or, in Canada, *Joan Jones Live*, broadcast daily on stations in Ontario and Western Canada. Bennett, a veteran of talk radio in Toronto, sees a single day on no studio audience, just an hour of talk with one or two guests, and offers pleasure in questions and comments. On average, the show gets 12,000 calls a day from viewers. That response, Hynes agrees, has to do with the "higher-level" content of Canadian talk. "The Canadian audience... I've always felt they're different from the American one," she says. "Trashy shows, she adds, "don't go in Canada because they're too superficial."

Another Canadian entry, however, is banking on the appeal of the American talk format. Bright, bawdy and sly, *Camille Cook* pre-

miored last month on the Baton Broadcasting System. The target audience is the coveted 18-to-24 age group. "There's a huge market for it and a huge need for it," says Scott, a 34-year-old Toronto activist. The show, which airs on the premium cable, 100-hour subscription mostly with teenagers—in the 7 p.m. ratings in suburban Scarborough. With topics such as "Remix Me with My Best Friend" and "Teacher Misdeeds," Gamble Scott is light fun, clearly taking its inspiration from the New York-produced *Ruth Katz* that Scott says that her show is different. "It's a Canadian talk show, with Canadian values," she adds. "We can do the same kind of things here without having to be American trash."

Well, maybe. David Dickson, a 32-year-old Toronto bartender, says that he was approached by producers from *Gamble Scott* late last year. "I thought, 'No go on the show and it would be a secret crash or something like that,'" says Portelli. "But then they just kept changing the topic." Finally, the producers placed Portelli on a show called "Confess." Set his up with someone as *Bliss* as *Harriet*—which aired last week. During the show, Portelli—who is gay and says he has no true life leading alone—played interrogator in *Gamble Scott*'s, in three elliptical hours. In the end, he packed one, but the date never occurred. Instead, Portelli avoided all

those "controversial" back to the bar where he works. "We just agreed to meet there, have a drink and laugh at the show," he explains.

It is too early to tell whether *Gamble Scott*—which has been passed by TV critics—has found a secure niche in the daytime market. But it will likely have an upstart, but the Porc one thing, talk shows overall have experienced a sharp dip in audience. Canadian nationwide figures for the syndicated program are unimpressive, but in the Toronto market—Canada's largest—after ratings have declined by about seven per



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF SPINGER

"This is America, and everyone's entitled to share the microphone."

—Jeff Springer

The crowd—most of them in their 20s—erupts into a cheer as he enters

Challenge: a tiny device that censors TV sex and violence

calls for the hearing impaired. The user can voluntarily select a level of sex and violence as defined by the classification system. But some broadcast-

ers are doubtful. "I question the ability to censor visually every signal that comes into a person's house," says Roy Gardner, vice-president of programming at 60TV in Vancouver. TV executives also wonder whether without a North American-wide classification system, young viewers could conceivably find the V-chip by simply switching to U.S. channels—leaving Canadian broadcasters with a potential loss of viewers and advertising dollars. Some executives, as well as advocacy groups like Alliance for Children and Television, say the impetus should be not on introducing censorship but on producing better programming for children. "The problem isn't so much what's on—it's what's not on," says Naveen Shoa, president of the Global TV Network in Toronto.

Parents are also divided. "Different people have different standards," says Betty McEwen, 48, an Edmonton nurse whose family participated in her trial of the chip in 1994. "The V-chip allows you to set levels according to what you find acceptable." But Brenda Thibault, 35, a single mother of three in Ottawa, says the solution is not more technology but more parental involvement. "If we are paying attention to what they are being exposed to," says Thibault, "then I think it must cause something like the V-chip won't be necessary."

The impact of TV violence on children has been endlessly debated. Last week, yet another wave of violence—a year-long multi-funded report from U.S. researchers—concluded that violence is pervasive on television and that young viewers are at "high risk" when its consequences are not depicted. Goldberg's V-chip is poised to give concerned parents another tool—however limited—in controlling what their kids watch.

DAVID W. COU

the Chicago strike. "Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!" The cheer of his adulation, a bespectacled, 30-year-old former *Comedian* mayor who recently retired law and a grizzly voice. Jerry Springer has become something of a cult hero in the college crowd—and while other talk programs have declined, his has steadily gained appeal in the major U.S. markets. In the face of the onslaught from moral correctionists like *Breitbart*, Springer says, "We've made no changes to the show, and the rules are the same. It has to be outrageous. It has to be interesting, and it has to be truthful."

Springer is a staunch defender of his show, and says that *Breitbart*'s anti-trash campaign amounts of hypocrisy. "There is a kind of silence in the room when I see Springer. Powerful people are on TV all the time—and as long as they speak the King's English, we say 'Hi OK, but then you get someone who just swears, who dances a little or pees on, and they come on and talk about something that's important—there—all of a sudden you call that trash.'"

After lessons of duplicity, confusion and self-righteous, "nothing surprises me anymore," he says. Except for one thing: His studio, he claims, receives between 2,000 and 3,000 telephone calls a day to his 1-800 line from people who want to be on the show. "People continue to want to talk about their private lives on television," Springer says. "That surprises me. What they say doesn't—know all kinds of things go on in the world, I'm not naive. But if I were me, I wouldn't want to talk about it."

In fact, panel members very soon, for the seemingly endless parade of slyly sophisticated, how a political agenda. Others, says Gerson, "go on because they don't get enough attention in their lives—television provides a really quick route to the top. For a lot of people, it's great in validating their experience, their existence."

And what is the appeal for viewers? For one thing, talk shows offer a chance to make an easy morality. Then there is a pure voyeurism, the normally forbidden delight of seeing a stranger's intimate secrets. But perhaps what makes talk shows so popular is the efficacy (linked '90s is that they allow the viewer to be exactly the opposite—be as politically incorrect, to take glib pleasure in someone else's problems. As one viewer put it: "You know, you turn on and somebody's crying, and you laugh at them."

As the credits roll on the Jerry Springer show, the camera shows *Celine* and her mother and *Shirley* over her next life as a male model, embracing each other back-stage. In the end, mother and son agree to talk through their problems. "Oh, OK," she says, and then turns to the director that has questioned her family's infidelity to millions of viewers. "Would you please turn the camera off?"

Watch for the final results of the Challenge in the April 1st issue of Maclean's.

THE TOP 15 BROKERS IN THE OLDSMOBILE STOCK BROKERS CHALLENGE

1. \$1,881,403 Arlen (Ray) Thompson, Midland Welwyn Capital Inc. Edmonton, 1-800-263-4262
2. \$1,688,096 Wayne Turner, Research Concept Securities Halifax, 902-431-5946
3. \$1,297,321 Michael Demetri, Research Capital Corporation Toronto, 416-640-5477
4. \$1,192,419 Nadia Adler, Haskin & Sons Inc. Ottawa, 613-547-6179
5. \$1,238,292 Jamie Woodcut, Red Bull Bank Inc. Vancouver, 604-403-1472
6. \$1,121,849 Murray Plavinski, Research Capital Corporation Toronto, 416-640-3444
7. \$1,076,714 J. (John) L. Leemon, Haskin & Sons Inc. Vancouver, 604-403-1468
8. \$857,649 Joan Marie Vermeulen, Midland Welwyn Capital Inc. Edmonton, 1-800-147-8103
9. \$866,513 David Sheridan, McMillan S. Lawrence Securities Ltd. Toronto, 416-597-7171
10. \$861,874 David Wilschoten, Wilschoten and Associates Ottawa, 613-466-9538
11. \$866,748 Roman Wiering, Wood Gundy Inc. Calgary, 403-240-1240
12. \$1,034,012 Adam Smith, TG Group Ltd. Investor Services Inc. Toronto, 416-594-2677
13. \$1,001,614 Trevor Bates, TG Group Ltd. Investor Services Inc. Toronto, 416-594-2677
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SETTING HER OWN PRECEDENT

Canadian actor **Jill Hennessy** joined NBC's *Law & Order* as assistant district attorney Claire Kincaid in 1993, when the award-winning series was already in its fourth season. But so many other actors have been replaced on the show—which each week traces a crime, from its commission on the streets of New York City, through police investigations to trial—that Hennessy, 32, is now one of the program's mainstays. The on-camera model, who was born in Edmonton and raised in Richmond, Ont., has come a long way from where she got her start in show business: playing guitar for spare change from passersby on the streets of Toronto. "One night in particular," she recalls, "I had no real talent except unless I played." These days, the stranger Hennessy meets pay her own players. "Whenever we shoot in a courthouse, I'm always approached by lawyers who say that I was their inspiration to become a lawyer," she says. But Hennessy quickly adds that she is really unlike the character she plays. "I know diddy-squat about the law."

Hennessy: 'I know diddy-squat about the law'

24Hours: 'kind of embarrassing'

the center of attention. But faced in 1994 with an 18-month break between recording sessions for *Rush*, Lifeson, 42, decided to strike out on his own. Working from the studio in his home north of Toronto, Lifeson produced his first solo effort, *Victor*, which he says reflects "the darker side of loose relationships." Released last month, the CD has drawn rave reviews from music critics and sold 50,000 copies. And Lifeson has his strange predicament.

"Too much attention is kind of embarrassing," says Lifeson, "but I'm really proud of the project. There's a lot of passion on the CD." And while he plans to record another solo album, he has no intention of leaving *Rush*, the best-selling rock band in Canadian history. "I love those guys," says Lifeson. "We're beyond friends."

A STRANGE PREDICAMENT

Guitarist **Alex Lifeson** has found himself in an unusual position—in the spotlight. For more than two decades, Lifeson has played lead guitar for *Rush*, the Toronto-based heavy-metal band whose singer **Gregg** Lee and drummer **Nick Peck** have usually been

SLIP-SLIDING AWAY

It was not the most inspiring of competitions, and the crown went not to the returning queen, who could have had it for the taking, but to an emerging princess, **Joelle Chaboud**, the three-time Canadian champion, who took last year off to recover from difficult performances in 1994, was making her comeback at the Canadian figure-skating championships in Ottawa. The 26-year-old Quebecer, who has been living and training in Toronto, fell on two triple jumps, skunked on another and left the ice in what looked like a state of

shock. That left the competition wide open, right down to the last of the 16 skaters, 23-year-old **Jennifer Robinson** of Windsor, Ont. She fell once and substituted doubles for two planned triple jumps—but it was enough to earn her the women's title. On the medals podium, the young skater turned to the winning veteran, who was collecting the silver, and said "I'm sorry." Robinson now goes to Edmonton next month, where Canada is hosting the world championships.

Robinson strong winning streak 'I'm sorry'

Edited by BARBARA WICKENS

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POLICING CYBERSPACE

When Ruth Warren's widow offered to buy a computer for her three children, she was both delighted and worried. Delighted, because she believed it would be an excellent educational tool. And worried because she knew it would not be long before her kids wanted to get on the Internet.

"We had heard there's a lot of awful stuff out there," says Warren, a homemaker and part-time piano teacher in Coonara, Ont., 50 km east of Toronto. "My neighbor told me how easy it is to find it—all you have to do is type in a search word and you're into it really terrible pornography. I didn't want my kids to come across anything like that, even by mistake."

The explosion of Internet technology has created a catch-22 for parents: if they give the green light to Internet access, opening the door to a universe of fascinating and useful information, they also risk exposing their kids to hard-core pornography and other information many would deem inappropriate. A far cry from the boyhood staple of a dog-eared copy of *Playboy* wedged under a mattress, pornography on the Internet can include pictures and text about everything from "sauna fetishes to prostitution to pedophilia—material that would shock many adults, let alone their children. And the parents does not stop there: violence, hate literature, child exploitation and drug laws have also crept onto the Net and its cyberspace sibling, the World Wide Web.

While some computer users dismiss the concern over what on the Internet is available, on-line communities are now a fairly debated topic, prompting several attempts at regulation. Last month, President Bill Clinton signed into law a sweeping telecommunications bill that imposes fines of up to \$500,000 and as long as five years in prison on anyone who transmits "indecent material" over a public computer network to which minors have access. In Canada, the Criminal Code makes it an offense to distribute, by any means, material whose dominant characteristic is "the undue exploitation of sex." And at the end of December, Computervision, a major computer on-line services, introduced access to 300 electronic newspapers after it was accused of breaching German law by allowing access to illegal material, including child pornography.

Those restrictions have prompted an angry backlash. The American Civil Liberties Union has filed suit against the U.S. government, charging that the crackdown on indecent material violates free speech. In addition, many individual Internet users resent govern-



Sample pages from "adult" Web sites (shown on the left) from Internet filters to pedophilia.

ment intervention, and believe the responsibility for the safety and well-being of children belongs in the hands of parents, not politicians. Their view is that in individual computer users should decide what is appropriate for their children.

Ruth Warren says, her kids now surf the Net with CYBERBuster, one of several software products that are designed to help parents monitor and control their children's Internet use. Designed by Seth Oak Software of Santa Barbara, Calif., CYBERBuster is a Windows program featuring a "filter file" that lists Web pages, newsgroups and other Net sites deemed to sex, drugs, racism, violence or other distasteful, adult-oriented or potentially offensive activities. Users can add to the file, but cannot delete any of the areas that are already on the list. When loaded and activated, the program prevents access to any of the forbidden sites. If a user attempts to attempt access of those sites, CYBERBuster will also disallow certain words or phrases for use on the Internet or in e-mail, including the child's name, address, or phone number.

"CYBERBuster has really gone as peace of mind," says Warren, whose three children, between the ages of 12 and 15, are on the Internet daily. Warren and her husband, Carl, received CYBERBuster as part of a package with their subscription to *Worldwide Online*, a local Internet access provider. "We had been looking around at similar products in the stores, and had decided we wouldn't go on the Internet until we had one of these programs in place. Without it we would have been worried all the time."

CYBERBuster is one of several parental control software programs on the market, all of which seek to limit access to children by block-

ing specified sites or words. Another popular product, SurfWatch, available from StarWatch Software in Los Alamitos, Calif., also blocks Web, chat and similar sites, but its "filter set" of more than 2,000 sites includes only those of a sexual nature, and does not allow parents to add or delete files as they wish. Since new Web sites appear daily, many parents may want to update the list of restricted sites regularly. SurfWatch updates its group of sites monthly, and charges \$9 a month to receive those updates (or contact, CYBERBuster's updates can be downloaded from the company's Web site for free). An upgraded version of SurfWatch, due out in six weeks, will allow parents to add and delete words and

Sexual Acts/Trait, Racism/Tolerance, and Violence/Prostitution. Parents can add sites or block sites that are on the CyberNOT list. Cyber Patrol also allows parents to restrict access to certain times of day, limit total time spent on-line per day or week, and control access to other programs and local applications such as games and personal financial management. For \$20 a month, Cyber Patrol will automatically dial up the company and update the CyberNOT list every seven days. The current version of Cyber Patrol does not log online activity, but the next version will. It will also require a different password for each child, allowing adults to disallow access to categories and services.

Two other popular products are Canadian. The Internet Filter, a Windows program from Vancouver-based Internet Investigations Inc., Barrie, and Cool Connections, comes with a fully configurable dictionary of sites and vocabulary and logs inappropriate access attempts by the child. However, the company does not provide updates to the dictionary. What Internet Filter does offer is the option of alerting parents by sending an e-mail message to another computer, say, at the office—when a child has attempted to access forbidden material. The next version will log all e-mail transactions and allow users to post warnings about new adult-oriented sites on the company's home page, when they can be retrieved by other users. Finally, Net Nanny, by Trow Internet Corp. of Vancouver, is another Windows program that comes with a dictionary of forbidden Web sites, newsgroups and chat rooms, so that parents can add or delete it. Updates can be downloaded free of charge from the Net Nanny home page. As well as logging activity it can also prevent a phone, address, phone number or credit card number from being given out over the Internet. And it has a two-way, real-time screening tool, which filters all communications coming in and going out of the computer. For example, if someone is chat rooms with the child where he lives, the computer automatically shuts down.

However, Net Nanny does not stop at Internet activity. It will screen phone numbers called by the modem, and block access to games and other specified files on the hard drive, as well as the e-mail and chat sites. "Basically, it monitors everything the computer does," says Gordon Kane, president and chief executive officer of Trow. "We focus on the heart of the computer, not just the Internet." The aim, in short, is to put parents' minds at ease.



also, as well as to select sites from other categories, such as Music, alcohol and drugs, and gambling. SurfWatch is available for both Macintosh and Windows. Another option is Cyber Patrol, also for both Windows and Macintosh, from Macrovision Software Inc. of Fremont, Calif. Cyber Patrol comes loaded with a "CyberNOT Black List," which prohibits access to 6,000 different sites, divided into categories such as

SAFE SURFING

CYBERsitter

Parents can add to prevent access to forbidden sites and words, but not delete. Solid Disk Software Inc. (800) 368-2181. Windows only. \$54, free updates.

SurfWatch

List of banned sites only includes material of a sexual nature, and parents cannot add or delete. SurfWatch Software Inc. (800) 455-8030. Windows and Macintosh. \$69, plus \$19/month for updates.

Cyber Patrol

Can restrict access to certain times of day and limit total time spent on-line. Macrovision Software Inc. (800) 555-8030. Windows and Macintosh. \$69, plus \$19/month for automatic updates.

The Internet Filter

Can be set to alert parent by e-mail if child attempts access to forbidden material. Internet Investigations, Research and Communications. (804) 733-5086. Windows only. \$42.95, no updates.

Net Nanny

Includes two-way, real-time screening tool that filters material sent or received by the computer. Trow Internet Corp. (800) 340-7177. Windows only. \$49.95, free updates.

SARA CURTIS

Backpack SALAD DALS FOR TRENDY OLIVE OIL

How times change. When Costas Spiliadis came to North America from Greece 30 years ago, friends wondered why he insisted on cooking with olive oil rather than one of the popular cream-based vegetable oils advertised on television. "I was told embarrassed to say I got olive oil in my food," confesses Spiliadis, now the owner of Miso, a popular Montreal restaurant. "I was rebuffed at it, but no longer. These days, olive oil is the height of food fashion. Since the late 1980s, Canadian olive oil consumption has more than doubled, to reach some 15,000 tons. In trendy restaurants, the taste of Mediterranean cuisine has found a permanent place on the table. And in supermarkets, consumers are confronted with olive-blessed choices of extra-virgin, cold-pressed and first-pressed oils.

Olive oil can also be good for you. In Greece, age-old folk wisdom has it that two tablespoons of olive oil first thing in the morning will cure everything from gallstones to constipation. It's another myth, there is scientific evidence that olive oil can be beneficial. Unlike margarine or corn oil, which only contain high levels of polyunsaturated fats, and butter, which is high in saturated fats, olive oil is high in monounsaturated fat—currently considered a "healthful" fat. While nutritionists agree that no diet should contain too much of any kind of fat, studies have shown that monounsaturated fats lower so-called bad cholesterol levels—while preserving beneficial cholesterol levels. The *Bethesda, MD-based Journal of the National Cancer Institute* has also cited "evidence that olive oil consumption may reduce the risk of breast cancer, whereas saturated intake appears to be associated with an elevated risk for the disease."

Just how does a healthful consumer choose a good tasting olive oil for a reasonable price? The International Olive Oil Council, based in Madrid, has set out some standard divisions. Extra-virgin olive oil, the most natural and flavorful of oils, must have an acidity level no higher than one per cent—the lower the acidity level, the higher the quality. Flavor and aroma depend on variables such as the variety of olive, growing and harvest conditions, and care taken during the processing of the fruit into oil. Regular olive oil, as compared to the bland oil of blended oils, which have been refined to balance weight, aroma and taste. Refined against the oil colorless, odorless and flavorless—no virgin olive oil must then be added (typically in quantities from five to 25 per cent). As far terms such as cold-pressed and first-pressed, they have become interchangeable over the years and are used simply to identify extra-virgin oil as an unrefined natural product. They no longer have the importance they held in the past, when old-fashioned extrac-



A Mediterranean staple is now the height of food fashion



about \$1 a liter for plain olive oil, between \$20 and \$30 a liter for extra-virgin, compared with \$4 for corn oil. He says they will buy an inferior oil, "just in if your salad and, because it's good tasting say, 'To hell with that!'"

Spiliadis's concerns are underwritten by statistics that show consumption of olive oil has doubled in the past two years. Agriculture Canada, which regularly tests oil for compliance with both its own and International Olive Oil Council standards, followed up on industry complaints about one specific importer. "There was nothing we could prove," says Ian Campbell of Agriculture Canada's food division. "But we can't find the bad packaging and poor packing had made the industry more cautious." Although there have not been any suspicious cases since then, Campbell notes that the incentive to tamper with olive oil is great—due to the lucrative market.

Underwriters whose already high prices are likely to increase by as much as 30 per cent in 1996 because of increased droughts in the Mediterranean last year and cuts in export subsidies for growers. Although Bulgaria have traditionally dominated the high end of the North American market, thanks partly to good packaging and real testing, Greece and Spain are now making a concerted push for greater market share. Other lanes have also opened up as California and Australia as entrepreneurs detect a growing demand for high-quality product. And while price is an indicator of quality, it is not the deciding factor—cheaper oils are perfectly acceptable for salads like frying. When a truly good oil is required, Spiliadis recommends taking his mother's advice: "Take the olive oil, close your eyes and pour—the point being that cooks who worry about price are apt to sleep on an excellent importation. Of course, that's only for Spiliadis to say a 750-millilitre bottle of his olive oil will be \$17.90.

ANN PROCKEN/STREET

Spiliadis: "take the olive oil, close your eyes and pour"

tion methods make it necessary to gross sales more realistic.

With Canadian now consuming an estimated 4.7 million litres of olive oil a year, Spiliadis should be satisfied. After all, he recently earned the olive oil making business, selling a brand called "My Sister's Olive Oil" (for oil, he explains, comes from his sister's olive groves in Greece). But the restaurant owner presses concern that if olive oil shortages are not averted, their profit and could be cut as a result of the dietary shift it has been for centuries in Mediterranean countries. Consumers who succumb to the hype and try olive oil for its health benefits, Spiliadis notes, are often right to be disappointed by the taste, and all the more so given olive oils' comparatively high cost.

CALENDAR

Welcoming the Year of the Rat, celebrating winter, and more

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Feb. 15-16, Chinese New Year's Eve, Pacific National Exhibition, Vancouver: The fifth annual fair features a parade, dancing and other performances leading up to the Year of the Rat, which begins on Feb. 18.

Feb. 25-March 2, *The Dream*, Queen Elizabeth Theatre, Vancouver: The Royal Winnipeg Ballet performs Sir Frederick Ashton's classic work set to the music of Felix Mendelssohn.

ALBERTA

Feb. 25-26, *Rough Justice*, Citadel Theatre, Edmonton: The international presence of British author Terence Frisley's play about a man charged with the murder of his brain-damaged infant son.

March 2, *What a Day!*, Jack Singer Concert Hall, Calgary: The Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra accompanies children's entertainer Fred Power.

SASKATCHEWAN

Feb. 24-25, Stamp Exhibition and Bazaar, Regina: Stamp, coin and sports-card dealers from across the Prairies.

MANITOBA

Feb. 26-March 2, *Adrenaline*, Stanley Theatre, Winnipeg: Art Gallery Twenty-eight works on display around the world reconstruct a cerebral symbol of insanity.

ONTARIO

Feb. 21-22, National Ballet of Canada: Musical Program, O'Keefe Centre, Toronto: The National performs James Gallo's *Washington Square*, based on Henry James's novel, as the Royal Canadian Air Force, created for her by Kofsky.

March 1-April 1, *One for the Pot*, Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto: Fred's Labyrinth stars in a classic British farce directed by Christopher Newton, about four identical brothers and an inheritance.

QUEBEC

Feb. 15-May 25, *Stephanie Bakula*, Montreal Museum of Fine Arts: A collection of the German artist's left vinyl sculptures, sculptural groupings and relief carved in wood.

ing the past 30 years.

Feb. 17, 19, 20, 24, 26 and March 2, *Sauvages* at Delta, Place des Arts, Montreal: The Montreal Opera presents *Caillou Saint-Sauvages* masterpiece with Emmae Miquel as the naughty Simon and Emmae Miquel as the French in French, with English and French subtitles.

NEW BRUNSWICK

March 4-6, *Rock and Roll*, The Playhouse, Fredericton: Fredericton's John, the Ghost of Rock and Roll, visits the 25-year reunion of a 1960s Maritime pop band in playwright John Gray's coming-of-age story.

NOVA SCOTIA

Feb. 24-March 2, *Kissed by Gold*, Dalhousie Museum, Halifax: Assembled by the Dawson City Museum to commemorate the upcoming centenary of the Yukon Gold Rush of 1896, with exhibits ranging from photos and diaries to a CD-ROM gold discovery game.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Feb. 25-26, Robert Harris, *Portraits of Truth and Other Animals*, Confederation Art Gallery and Museum, Charlottetown: Paintings, drawings and photos about his dog Truth, by Canada's pre-eminent 19th-century portrait painter.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Feb. 25-March 2, *Signatures*, Eastcoast Edge Gallery, St. John's: An exhibit of art and art by 10 writers of Newfoundland women poets and artists.

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES

March 12, *The Irish Descendants*, Northern Arts and Cultural Centre, Yellowknife: A concert of Celtic and contemporary music by the Inuvialuit band from Igloo, NWT.

YUKON

Feb. 22-25, *Yukon Sourdough Rendezvous*, Whitehorse: The 22nd annual folk-music tribute to the Gold Rush era features dog-sled races, a folk-dance show, beer-growing contest for men and barley competition for women.

NEXT

A sampling of upcoming diversions

MOVIES

The White Balloon An Iranian tale of a little girl named and more in the market while trying to buy a gift for her



New York's *Beside the Dais* Diamonds (big event) as a girl's best friend in this documentary about the history of women wearing hats. *The Bridge* Robin Williams and Gene Hackman star in a remake of the transatlantic love *La Cage aux Folles*. Mike Nichols directs an *Alone* My script.

French film about a controversial director who lived in Paris.

Discothon Sharon Stone, Isabelle Adjani and Kathy Bates team up to remake a French thriller.

VIDEO

Crash An eye-opening documentary about the sexual harassment Robert Cray and his severely dysfunctional family.

Unloved An entertaining, voyeuristic documentary about fashion designer Isaac Mizrahi—the movie that Robert Altman wanted *Unloved* to be. *Living in Oblivion* Steve Buscemi plays a B-movie director in 1980's *Unloved*. *Unloved* is a comedy about a man who is a parody of himself and sharp shots. *Copycat* Gregory Weaver plays the target of a creepy but creepy serial killer film.

BOOKS

The Winner Who Walked into Doors Roddy Doyle (Knap). The Irish novelist chronicles an absurd, absurdist comedy of errors to reveal his best self. *Black on the Face* Brian Masters (Penguin). A memoir of the personal and the political in an account of his return to the reserve.

Clash of Identities: Nationalism, Separatism and the Politics of Identity James Liffman, ed. (Preston Hall). *Clash of Identities* Michael Ignatieff, Laura Lippman and Ramsey Cook contribute new thoughts on an old problem. *The Twelve* by Timor Fergusson (HarperCollins). A 19-year-old boy on a railway construction gang embarks on a secret moral quest to find conviction in the bush.

AUDIO

The Art of Alfred Brendel (Polygram). A five-volume collection of the renowned pianist's 85th birthday. *Set the Twilight Roaring* Leo Reed (Warner). The hipster's first studio album in four years.

Live at the BBC (Jazz). The second album from a Canadian country artist who has played a unique style in Nashville. *The New Standard* Martin Hancock (Polygram). With Jack Harkness collaborations as Michael Denker and Jack Doherty, the legendary pianist teaches songs by Peter Dinklage and others. *Born on a Pirate Ship* (BarnesandNoble.com). The Toronto-based band parades its sound while moving up the guitar.

All about Eve

Are women, after all, really morally superior?

LIP SERVICE: THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN'S DARKER SIDE IN LOVE, SEX, AND FRIENDSHIP

By Kate Filian
(Hyperion/Collins, 343 pages, \$25)

Jude, whose best friend, Ann, has just made a hash of herself at an important conference, possesses her friend that her sloppy dress and frizzy presentation were just flimsy. Elusive, bright, sexy, tough and able, always with her boss on at eye contact and is promoted. Elusive, a self-assured businesswoman, she is a straight shooter, but her disarming smile is a con game (but she has been raped). And Ann, a middle manager with a cynical and an unsure boss, cracks down for recently divorced Doug and discovers that he has been chosen to lead his friends' council that she is not in the mix. "After an hour of listening," they tell her, "they're looking at you." Throughout *Lip Service: The Truth About Women's Darker Side in Love, Sex, and Friendship*, these and other anecdotes of middle-class, youthful, white America (Toronto crops up a couple of times) serve as fuel for Kate Filian's dispatches from the postmodern postwar world.

According to the Toronto-based writer's introduction, these anecdotes are based on in-depth interviews with 108 North American men and women. But the stories share a troubling quality all possess: female characters played it straight, giving criticism, advice from which the rest society can learn by example. The revelations are remarkably candid, but the reader's view of the interviewees is severely deflated as if the rest of their lives were not important.

Filian is concerned in mordant tales, not character studies. She argues that a lone "myth of female moral superiority" has become the "masculine plot device of the sexual script" of the Mather and Hawthorne line home with unadmitted reasons. Halfway through, the book seems already twice too long for its message. Clarity that feminism's fierce "bodies of sexual terror"—which give male aggressors against their female victims—has robbed young women of their sense of sexual self-determination, Filian seems to pursue those women as the powerful, daring, active people they really are in order to do this, she insists, it is necessary to strip away the cowardly "bodies of fear" that that women are "seductive effects" and more self-reliant people. That female friendship is always supportive, that women are co-

receded into men where they really want to love, and that men, too, have control over love, come from another place.

Filian's descriptions of women who sexually coerce, exploit and humiliate men and being her own better moral lessons that reveal feminism's "big lie" about women's male and natural goodness. There is something to this—some women do hide be-



Filian dispatches from the feminist gender wars

hard feminist's critique of patriarchy rather than face their own male desire and need for power. But Filian's argument that young women's freedom and equality have been hampered by an all pervasive orthodoxy is unconvincing.

Perhaps Filian herself is unconvinced. The 31-year-old author is at pains to acknowledge young women's debt to the struggles of their mothers' generation and does not drop in trivial feminist observations. "It is unacceptable," she writes of men and women born after 1960 "that our attitudes

and behavior would not be affected" by the transformations wrought by the previous generation's moral revolution. Those changes were not growing up in an era in which birth control was readily available, abortion was legal, homosexuality came out of the closet and young women wrote themselves life-scripts that unfolded adventure beyond romance and marriage.

It is no bad that for the rest of *Lip Service* sticks from this complex analysis. With an historical and social context—never mind, a look at class or racial complexity—Filian's indictment about feminism's so-called lies seems shallow. According to the book's biography she has done a prodigious amount of reading, and her list of sources with references to her own work of all kinds is impressive. Though her argument holds down, again and again, to the accusation that feminism requires that women "preserve their status as 'sandy women,'" it is not the broad social, political and moral aspects of an international social movement could be reduced to this single issue.

Filian's solidarity with young women is understandable. But the reader perhaps can herself dispense all the feminist's who hold feminism responsible for male rape and female abuse. If her not is that women have everything to gain by keeping their feminist and socialist beliefs secret, it is an angry blaming of women for the moral double standard and a virtual evasion of any analysis of male institutional power.

On the concluding page of *Lip Service*, Filian declares, "I am not in posing, what is in fact the single most interesting observation of the entire book. She seems that the message behind it young women that they are 'sex-crazed bad boys' and women are 'good girls' whose lives still revolve around relationships do not, in fact, create free-

feminists but, from 'mass media, academic, political and religious' and the contemporary industry. New Britain's insight worthy of Filian's concern, it is all social and economic complexity. But she also does not rest on her laurels about the myth of women's 'moral superiority,' and she writes on the words of moral failure with so much in it, it is scary to leave but therefore, but, but, but.

MYRNA KONTZKE

Hope and Gloria

A feminist rides the movement's third wave

THE EDUCATION OF A WOMAN:
THE LIFE OF GLORIA STEINEM
By Betty Friedson
(Doubleday, 451 pages, \$24.95)

I was an outrageous act, from Gloria Steinem's obituary says that "the feminist life is not worth living." Six years ago, she wrote the obituary. Carolyn Harris wrote the biography of her life. Then, in 1993—before Harris had completed her book—Steinem published her own autobiographical best seller, *Revolution from Within*. "At first, I was a little puzzled," Harris told *Maclean's*, "but it didn't last long. As I said to her, 'Whose life is it anyway?' In fact, Harris's version of Steinem's life, the recently published *Education of a Woman*, reveals more about the legendary feminist than the author's writing in *Revolution from Within*. The author—who has received Steinem's papers and, with her support, interviewed the best, women and colleagues, as well as critics—presents a thorough, insightful portrait of the complex, non-linear figure whose name has often been called a "mantra," and who became a vocal leader for women's liberation. "Gloria Steinem's life," writes Harris, "is testimony to the power of contradictory behavior."

Steinem was a late arrival to feminism in the early '60s, when Betty Friedson was kick-starting the women's movement with *The Feminine Mystique*, urging suburban housewives to rebel. Steinem was a fashionable "career girl" in New York City, penning such articles as "Runny Eggs to Plunk a Man in the Street" for *Glamour* magazine. "Nobody noticed her. It could have been told the Steinem of the '60s," writes Harris. "The woman who became, simultaneously, the epitome of female beauty and the quintessence of female revolution." *The Education of a Woman* explores the complicated, and controversial, link between Steinem's sexual and career choices and the sexual and social revolution. Steinem, the newswriter, persistently diminishes the perception of her beauty as a myth. But that, Harris insists, is disingenuous. "She must have known early that she was a looker," she writes. Besides, she points out, "How else looked so very convincing to a great number of women who took the media's idea that a feminist was someone in army boots who hated men."

The *Education of a Woman* recounts how Steinem's sexuality led to divisions within the movement. Friends, she suggests, attacked Steinem out of envy and over con-

vinced that she "felt no match for Steinem because of her looks." The author writes that her subject's "personality and her selflessness may have been handicaps, they certainly slowed her need for feminism." But Harris also notes that "the signs of a revolutionary" were evident in Steinem's unapologetic approach. Born on March 25, 1934, Harris said her older sister, Susan, spent their early years on the road in a trailer with their ailing father, Lou Steinem, a charismatic dreamer who liked to brag that he never had a real job, and her



Steinem enjoyed pleasure in 'being a nothing-to-fear older woman'

mother, Ruth, a college-educated journalist, happily lived her parents apart when she was 10 and Steinem spent her adolescent years in Toledo, Ohio, caring for her emotionally unstable mother and making paper curtains for her dilapidated home, which was overrun by rats. Like many depressed children, Steinem turned those depressing times with serious fashion but unlike many others looking for an escape, she engaged herself the reader.

Harris tells the familiar, legendary story of Steinem's coming of age in a high school and university, working at the *Eagles* club. But in these and other later events, often recounted by Steinem—from her education at prestigious Smith College to the founding of *Mother's* and *Ms.* and her first career at 35—Harris brings the second re-

search of an academic, along with some intriguing anecdotes from others who knew Steinem intimately. Male lovers play a large part in *The Education of a Woman*. There was the short fling in 1968 with football player Jim Brown. Steinem met the NFL star when she was assigned to profile him (and later wrote that he was a "male chauvinist" with "low standards for women"). A year later, on an incident that Harris calls "the one she also knows quite well"—Steinem consented to sleep with male writer Norman Mailer after he "made it" and said that his husband could not survive if he didn't have sex with her. As a result, Harris writes, "Mailer went up to it." The also also calls Steinem for her misquoting "Kafkaesque." In one amusing anecdote, Harris relates how a former fiancé, a handsome young pig he engaged to Steinem in 1966 when she

SEAMON DOYLE DIBBICKER



TELEVISION

Teenage wasteland

A new series vividly evokes the adolescent blues

STRAIGHT UP
(CBC, Mondays from Feb. 18, 9:30 p.m.)

Teenagers are the true existentialists. They make their almost daily slog from math class to mall to MacMillan, only to find themselves back in trigonometry the next morning. Blatantly growing through a hormonal fog, they know all about fear and longing. Convinced that no one has ever been as weird as they are, they feel terribly alone. Not even fully grown, they are almost-very mortal. To someone who mostly refrains from visiting the teenage wasteland, coping instead to routinely dish up adult lectures of adolescent life, the new CBC's *Straight Up* (however, let's call it a *Crest*) ed and produced by Adrienne Mitchell and Jean Landman, the team that made the teen-god documentaries *Talk 'N' Tell* '89, the series of half-hour dramas is truly, uncommonly, very, disturbing—not like a real teenage. For adults, the show is a poignant reminder of how cheating adolescence can be. The question is whether young people themselves will watch this murky reflection of their lives.

Viewers who tune in to the first episode, *Jess*, are in for a bit of a shocker: a somewhat, conversation-defying television

The drama focuses on Marcus (John Bratt), whose performance (like those of the other main characters, is entirely credible) and her frustration at her boyfriend's disregard for her sexual pleasure. The show includes a masturbation scene and a discussion about taking condoms. While that may sound prurient, in fact *Jess* is a human and sensitive look at a girl's struggle to assert herself and, yes, express her sexuality.

Not a whole lot happens in *Jess* or any of the other five episodes. True to their roots in documentary producers Mitchell and Landman—along with director Jerry Ciccoritti and writer Andrew Kit Benson—present revealing slices of adolescent life, with all its mystery, turmoil and unanticipated emotions. Wisely, they keep the focus of each half-hour episode on one or two characters, and on creating psychological depth.

The superb second show, *Dead Fishes*, captures a day in the life of high-schooler Rory (Justin Perillo), a morbid dreamer who

Perry (front left), Pitney: an alliance based on experiences of death

is feeling distant from his hardcore garage pals. He creates a stir when he reads a narrative poem to his English class about the dead bodies who laugh at him at night from their rooftop porches. Adult viewers will be transported right back to Grade 11 English when they hear the burst of scornful male laughter that greets Rory's composition "Gods" and Lily (an unforgettable Sarah Pitney of *Road to Avonlea* fame), with her dyed black hair, corpse makeup, black attire and coffin-shaped pants, becomes intrigued by Rory and his poem. They strike an alliance based on their real, related experiences of death.

None of the kids in *Straight Up* is endearing in the usual TV way. And one mark of the show's honesty is that it spotlights a couple of difficult-to-like young people. At the centre of *Smelly Bony Therry* is Simone, a seldom-overhearer who cannot forgive herself for overchecking a question on her physics exam—"94 per cent is nine per cent wrong," she says of her final score. She startlingly refers to boys as "test," nothing at or striking rule men. She dreams of becoming an astronaut and never returning to the polluted Earth from space—"It could actually maybe be done for once, one week the planets align and so on." She proclaims that human beings deserve to be exterminated by a nuclear bomb. The viewer is left slightly afraid of Simone, but also in awe of a certain strength and integrity in her anger.

Other episodes deal with racial issues, peer harassment, jealousy between friends, parental abuse. But much of the series is taken up by the usual teenage diversions: sexual interludes, dating, listening to music, sitting in low-level stunts. Intriguingly, one of the episodes focuses on teenage card play-

ing culture, and the feelings that can erupt over a game of *Exhale*. *Straight Up* even explores that perennial adolescent complaint, boredom. The funniest episode, *Rig Time*, plays like an underage *Blazing for God*, with three stoned boys wandering through back alleys on a Saturday night as they search in vain for a rave (a warehouse dance party), all the while talking about space and time.

Produced by Mitchell and Landman's company, Back Alley Film Productions Ltd., and Alliance Communications Corp. in association with the CBC, *Straight Up* also breaks new stylistic ground. The producers and director Ciccoritti—best known for the movie *Fanny, Farmer* and the acclaimed CBC drama *Not Worth*—have



Landman (left), Mitchell, dark

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given the series a dancer, striking look, with lots of extreme close-ups, lighting tricks and freeze-frames. And the sound track blends new songs from Canadian bands with moody electronic sounds composed by Kevin Hearn.

A big frustration in making the dance-drama: Todd (6) and Zach (8) was that producers *Adrian Mitchell* and *Jack London* were unable to use dozens of incidents from the lives of their five subjects and the early friends. The film makers simply had a surplus of material, and the teenagers worried about their families discovering certain things about their lives. Many of the moments, nonetheless, seemed perfect for dramatic treatment. Three years ago, Mitchell and London decided to pursue a television series. They taught Toronto schools to get more real-life stories. In addition, Mitchell, 35, tapped into the experiences of her husband, Ian Engwerl, a high school English teacher. Then, they set out to find a writer and director willing to, as Mitchell says, "move the wheel"—to create something that avoided the clichés of mainstream TV. "What was great about Andrew [Ian Engwerl] and Jerry Klineberg," she adds, "was that it wasn't necessary to shake a TV-series mold out of their system."

The two women spent three months casting the series. After looking at more than 400 teenagers, they chose 14 young people, of whom 13 play principal characters. More than three-quarters of the cast had never acted before. They found the acolyte Justin Provell (Bobby), the drummer in a Toronto band called Cat Racket, by googlingback their actor-wanted message on voice mail advertising a role.

In the interest of authenticity, the filmmakers also hired a teenager to act as a consultant, 18-year-old Marina Filizte, a student of Mitchell's husband, *Rebecca Mitchell*. "We thought it was really important to bring in somebody who could help us with looking over scripts, looking over wardrobe, listening to music. We'll ask her, 'Is this believable, is this something that you would listen to?' And she was really invaluable. So, here we are, we thank at our parties as costume-cost producers. We say, 'Look, we're tired of teenagers being represented with clothing that's all so clean and creased.' We wanted wrinkles. We wanted holes and tears. Marina had to come up to us and say, 'You know, the kids who are into hip-hop [black dance music], they wouldn't be caught dead wearing clothes like this. In fact, they like everything that's worn and cleaned and without holes.'"

Liberty Street the teeny-bop-sounding series cancelled by the CBC last week, did get many of those kinds of details right. Often, however, as characters and plots seemed contrived, director Up delivers the strong goods, and deserves to survive beyond this season.

PATRICIA HUECHT

Cannons,
from orphan to
hitmaker

MUSIC

Ramblin' Tom

STOMPIN' TOM: BEFORE THE FAME
By Stephen Tom Connors
(Prequel, 525 pages, \$29.95)

One rainy night in Toronto, Ont., in October, 1964, Stompin' Tom Connors ended his hitchhiking days. His last ride dropped him off near the Maple Leaf Hotel, where the hairy New Yorker, then 28, landed for a drink. The bartender asked the guitar-toting Connors to sing a couple of songs because he was a bit short of a beer. What followed in the stuff of Canadian legend: Connors performed for 14 minutes at the hotel and then went on to become a country-craze star and a national hero. In the first installment of his autobiography, Connors spends more than 380 pages detailing his life up to that pivotal Toronto moment. *Stompin' Tom: Before the Fame* portrays a fairly orphan who becomes a restless drifter. While it is a long and sometimes tedious journey, the extensive tale helps to explain how Connors came to write such beloved, now classically Canadian songs as *Red the Skind* and *Anthony's Saturday Night*.

Born in Saint John, N.B., to a poor, uneducated teenage mother, Connors began hitchhiking with his mother at the age of three, and was helping on the streets at four. "I moved more times in my first five years than most people do in a lifetime," he recalls. With poverty and rootlessness came ill health. Connors was stricken with impetigo and diphtheria. After his mother was caught stealing groceries, he and his baby sister spent a month in jail with her. His world "opened up," he writes, the day he was taken by the Children's Aid Society and placed in an orphanage. For the next three years, he was physically punished by

mates for bed-wetting and other misdemeanors. Once, he says, he was put inside a large washing machine while it was running. When Connors' "The Second World" war was coming to an end, but in some sectors the atrocities were still going on.

At 9, Connors was adopted by a family in Skunk's Pond, P.E.I., but he ran away four years later. "Traveling back and forth across Canada, he took odd jobs as dishwasher, grave digger and short-order cook. In the book, he clearly delights in rhapsodizing about obscure places he visited, from *Forest House, N.S.*, to *Yale, B.C.* In his first tour, Connors, who had acquired a love of country music from his mother, began playing the guitar and singing his own compositions. He tells several hilarious one-liners, including one about a performing unimpressed in *Amos, Que.* "It was one short when the owner took the band to a poker game. And Connors recalls that while at Nashville in 1926 he refused to sell one of his songs to his boss, *Norm Macdonald*, country planner. *Heck Sauer*, who the grounds that the B75 after was making. But such nuggets are often prebaked in a book bogged down in trivial detail.

Connors's story is most interesting when it focuses on his songs and his talent at writing about the town in which he performed. Although a crowd-pleasing precision, it is usually backfired, as when he dug up the story of the murdered, *Denise* of *Lacrosse, Ont.*, and offended some locals. But Connors was only looking to a sense of belonging. And, obviously, his search resulted in both his deeply rooted patriotism and a rich catalogue of songs that are pure Canadiana.

NICHOLAS JENNINGS

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MUSIC

Greenwich mean time

Father and son make beautiful music together

A renowned guitarist who has played with past greats including Chuck Carr and Sonny Se, Sonny Jr. Greenwich is known for his contemporary solos and interest in spirituality. So far, his fans would have expected the 35-year-old musician to lead his strong but graceful career to a song about smoking in cars and murder. Unless, of course, the song position was written by his son, Sonny Jr. Greenwich Jr., guitarist in the raucous Montreal funk-punk band *Bootsauce*. Called *Dance by the Fire*, the song is featured on *Phonetic Mother Earth*, the recent debut CD from the Greenwiches' own group, *Monstrous*. Based on the moody, dark Montreal label Justa Time, it is the father and son's first musical collaboration. The twined, 35-minute lyrics, set to a sweet, haunting melody, add a brother's murderous love for his sister, with Sonny Jr. a cruel guitar warrior in *Monstrous*. "I don't really think it's that intense," says Sonny Sr. "It's just a pretty song with word lyrics." Adds Sonny Jr.: "Although I suppose others might find it kind of creepy."

Monstrous, the two Greenwiches would seem to be in different worlds. Sonny Sr. has performed with Miles Davis, Sonny Jr. has played on the same bill as a post-grunge band called the Koolhaas Band. Sonny Sr. was inspired by John Coltrane's exploratory sax playing, and by cabaret pianists like Billie Holiday, deep notes and structured solos (he calls them "disjuncts"). Junior, who has dreadlocks down to his waist and was inspired to pick up the guitar when he saw a movie about Jimi Hendrix, leans into his "disjuncts." "Sonny's first interest in the guitar was that he wanted to light it on fire and smash it," says the older Greenwich.

But the truth is the two guitarists share more than the issue of cars (Brother 0 and birthday (Jan. 1). As a child in Toronto, where he was born and later in Montreal, Sonny Jr. was taken to weekly clubs by his mother Bernice, to hear his father play, absorbing the musician's life of irregular hours and late-night carousing. Sonny Jr. was 12 when his parents separated in 1985. He moved into his own apartment at 15, along with his guitar. His father had given him for his birthday that year.

Like Hamilton-born Sonny Sr., who didn't start playing until he was 19, Sonny Jr.

skipped any sort of formal training. And he has a dry, snarling, off-kilter style to his playing. "The thing I always noticed about Sonny is that he played just the way he wanted to play," says Sonny Sr. "I liked that because it was his own individual thing and it was exactly the same approach I took." Adds Sonny Jr., "I could never play like his songs. I don't know what that was like playing. The melodic stuff, OK, but the



Greenwich Sr. and Jr. jam.

that came and the diagrams, forget it." *Bootsauce* Mother Earth was a solo project for both father and son. Sonny Jr. and Bootsauce/Monstrous guitarist 0 Jacobs wrote three of the songs; the other four are Sonny Jr. compositions. They range from heavily edited, gothic funk fusion pieces to more eclectic rock melodies (only *Dance by the Fire* has vocals). Nearly all feature dueling Greenwich guitars, with Juniors' raved-up noise contrasting Sonny's rich and soulful riffs. The songwriting was done in a bar, with a tape deck and a Macintosh computer in a tiny back room in Sonny Jr.'s apartment. The album, produced by the son,

was recorded in a local studio in three days, with James Gifford on keyboards and Jim Hillman on drums. "It was really interesting," says Sonny Jr. "His house was so weird, to do and get to work." They conceived a number of the songs in simple chord progressions that they then embellished at the mixing board, where Juniors' familiarity with such devices as arpeggios and tape loops sometimes had the old man say, "he only has three pedals." But Sonny Sr. is in charge. "This sort of music will be even more on their production side," he smiles, "because there's less of things I like to try."

The critically praised CD comes at a time when both Greenwiches seem to be at career crossroads. After last album, several North American shows, a European tour, a Jam Award and the Quebec equivalent, an *ADQ* Award, Sonny is taking a year off while looking for a new record deal (the last, self-titled album for the major label PolyGram, was a solo band). "That's why it was so much fun to do this record," Sonny Jr. says. "It was a real rewarding experience as opposed to a record-making enterprise."

Sonny Sr., meanwhile, is more prolific than he has ever been in his four-decade career. Last year, he performed 30 times, as well as recording albums with Toronto's underground jazz band and Montreal post-punk Phil Elvy—this from a musician who has released only eight albums under his own name and has occasionally gone months sometimes years, without performing or even leaving his guitar. His boys at Beachville, a mix of Montreal, with his second wife, Katherine, 36, in a house overlooking the St. Lawrence River. On summer nights he takes his guitar to the records and plays under the stars. "I have to play more now than I ever did," he sighs. "Just to make sure my hands stay in shape." When not playing, he looks on his collection of thousands of records and on the Internet, an interest in science—"evolution, natural history, the Earth"—being his latest quest.

The older Greenwich, who has had a longtime affinity for jazz, says that his sound has become "more grounded. Right now, I think I'm playing in a style that people can more easily relate to. But I'm still trying to keep it on an edge." Interestingly, it was Sonny Jr. who was the grounding factor on *Monstrous*. Mother Earth. "The idea was to take his guitar sound and put it in a somewhat more conventional setting," he says, "something for jazz fans who would never listen to *Bootsauce*, and rock 'n' roll types who hate jazz. Probably we'd even have gotten together if we weren't father and son, but it came down to it, our love of music was even more the common ground."

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Pacino: scandal around a New York mayor who would charm like a cat

FILMS

Mucho macho men

Pacino and Travolta coast on their comebacks

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

They represent flip sides of Macho Cool: John Travolta and Al Pacino both shot to stardom in the 1970s by playing streetwise Italian-American guys with all the right nerve. Travolta brought his way in the big time in Saturday Night Fever (1977), as the working-class dude who rules the dance floor. Pacino was elevated in The Godfather (1972), as the grizzled prince who inherits a crime empire. Later, they both made some disastrous career moves. Travolta found himself upstaged by a smooth baby in Look Who's Talking (1989). Pacino squandered his credibility as Anishkov (1985). But after major comebacks, both actors are now coasting on their success—with mixed results. Broken Arrow, as



Travolta: cool but unconvincing

not write or direct it. He did not dust off a script from his days as a video store clerk and fling it as a Hollywood garage sale. And he does not appear on-screen, not even in one of his heroic cameos. But the movie owes a great deal to Tarantino. Not only did he whisper Travolta's Latino-like resurrection in 1993, but he also gave him the script. And then, when he turned Travolta on to the work of Broken Arrow's director, Henry Hong, legend John Woo. Tarantino, whose fetish for lurid has made him the David Letterman of American cinema, who seems to have consumed Western civilization that it is cool for smart people to like dumb violence as long as it is ironic. Sometimes, however, dumb violence is just dumb.

Broken Arrow takes its name from the Pentagon term for a last nuclear device. Ostensibly, the movie is about a battle to recover two warheads that have dropped from a British bomber and landed in the Nevada desert, undisturbed and unattended. But in between over these two warheads, film and deeply phallic objects of destruction, the movie's two protagonists go to such lengths to demonstrate their manhood to each other that the term "broken ar-



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new" suggests a more profane interpretation.

The action begins in a boxing ring, with Vic (Travolta) pounding some painful lessons into an outclassed opponent named Billy (Christian Slater). Monitor said, private, Vic and Billy are crack military pilots with a bawdy rivalry. But during a Stealth test flight, Travolta's character turns out to be a nuclear terrorist. The two men spend the movie chasing each other across the desert while blowing up everything in sight, expending 1000 rounds of ammunition, at least 50000 rounds of ammunition.

The Slater hero is paired off with a grumpy

pack runner played by Samantha Maitlis. This formula—straight-arrow commando teams up with sexy civilian—is the same one used in *Speed* (1994). And so wonder: The script comes from Steven's Canadian screenwriter Graham Yost. But in *Speed*, at least Sandra Bullock got to drive. Maitlis mostly just gives directions. And while *Speed* suspended disbelief by sheer velocity, *Atomic Awesomeness* along like a cargo plane on a milk run through Hollywood cheer.

Defeating his would-be American feature (better *Mean Streets*), Yost demonstrates the action with undiminished focus. But he seems

intent on giving Hollywood money movies for the price of one. He starts with *Atomic Awesomeness* up to Top Gun, then segues to a western with exploding helicopters. There are dry crack shoot-outs, shotgun blasts on a train, nuclear ship explosions, an Indiana Jones figure ride down an underground river, a James Bond doomsday countdown—it is like a trip through a machine-gun park.

Travolta, meanwhile, keeps his dignity intact by acting hyper-cool, insulting himself within a minute of his own. He takes his time, calmly lighting cigarettes as all hell breaks loose around him. But his affectations of civil, subtle acting, are unconvincing. It is a performance that could serve as an introduction for Screenplay self-esteem.

City Hall is more realistic fun. It is directed by Harold Becker, who cost *Thelma* as a New York City cop in *Sea of Love*—the award thriller that branched the actor's comeback but never won the prestige it deserved. Since then, Pacino won the Oscar for playing a blind, lounge-flopping dream guy in *Kind of a Hush*. And he cannot seem to shake the comic—in a cop in the current film *Heat*, he is still making speeches to anyone who will listen.

Now, Becker gets Pacino back in line with *City Heat*. The actor is once again making speeches, but this time it is appropriate, as he partners the mayor of New York. Like Travolta in *Atomic Awesomeness*, Pacino plays mayor as a younger man. Kevin Costner (John Conner) is a dedicated idealist who serves as deputy mayor to Pacino's flamboyant populist, John Pappas.

The story concerns a scandal that erupts after an innocent black child is killed in the cross fire between an off-duty cop and a drug dealer. When Costner discovers that a phony probation report had kept the dealer out of jail, a web of mafia corruption begins to emerge. Based on a script by Ken LaZar, a former deputy mayor of New York under Ed Koch, *City Hall* seems richly outdoors. It is a drama about ethical ambiguity, about politicians who fill in the moral ground under their feet as they go along.

The movie boasts a strong cast, including Danny Aiello, David Paymer and Martin Landau. But the main attraction is divided between Pacino and Costner, who serve as the hero. It is a frustrating compromise. Although Costner is smoothly compelling, it is Pacino who intrigues us, and there is never quite enough of him. Meanwhile, a coy subplot (promising romance between Costner and a distance lawyer (Dorothy Fensholt)) is merely annoying. And the story's ethical dimension has the audience lost at some stage cooked up by a Hollywood committee.

Despite all that, *City Hall* offers an absorbing political insight. Its gritty realism suits Pacino. As a politician who works overseas like a model, he has finally found a role that can contain his satirical style. He has recovered his edge. As for Travolta, it is time he stopped pretending to be innocent—perhaps there is looking for a grumpy. □

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A novel of politics and passion on the Rideau

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

Washington, the most powerful city in the world, is again. Nothing much here this time but someone has slumped it. This would be the mystery author of *Primary Colors*, the hottest book in the country—and penned by Anonymous.

The "novel," brilliantly written, is about a slick governor of an unnamed southern state: a chap who has an eagle eye for an act, like and who has a wife who is tough and smart. As a presidential candidate, "Jack Stanton" is easily recognizable.

So is "Cashmere McLeod" (Governor Fotheringham). So are the stand-ins for Hillary and top aide George Stephanopoulos and Mass Cuomo and every one of Clinton's insiders in the 1992 campaign.

The publishers, Random House, say they are in sympathy to everyone else; they deal only with an agent and a lawyer. As Clinton himself says, "It's the only secret I've kept in Washington in three years."

The mystery of course has made it a run-away best-seller, which is all to the good. I am in favor of best-sellers. As a matter of fact, I am working on a book at the moment that I plan to publish under the byline of Anonymous.

It involves a lad from a small Quebec town who is a sappy and clever that he takes no apparent problems and actually went through the operation to have it removed so he could get out of a residential school he hated. His name is François Lalonde.

He enters his childhood sweetheart and is an expert to climb the political ladder that he begins to learn how to speak either of Canada's two languages. He convinces the voters that he is a peaceful and righteous to denigrate the fact that—during a spell out of politics—he became a millionaire through advising a Bay Street firm.

With the money, he buys the golf club where he once called as a youth. Almost no one knows this, so nobody believes it. One night, he is almost killed by a cousin friend because his house is guarded by a Jew from the RCMP Musical Ride. There is



no sex involved in this chapter.

One of the prime characters in this piece of fiction is chap named Delbert DeLoraine. He is from Alberta. His father was raised on the thistle and embraced a political philosophy called Social Credit wherein every citizen would be given \$20 from the government treasury. That was called a flat tax.

Delbert goes to Ottawa but is handicapped by the fact his voice squeaks and he always looks as if his sides hurt. Just send him out for a haircut that doesn't quite fit. He has been introduced to button-down shirts but looks not only uncomfortable but embarrassed in wearing them.

His main platform is that he wants to bring back the strip. He is taking French lessons but so far has not got beyond the appetizer but on the parliamentary restaurant menu. There is no sex involved in this chapter.

There is also a fiery senator by name of Flory Changeling. He has no sense of humor

he thinks Canada is not a real country. So far, he has belonged to every single political party in Canada except the Rhinoceroses. He appreciated for politics as an ambassador in an unnamed European nation where he had a steady affair with a CBC reporter.

He later meets in an airplane a much younger woman who is from California and they are married. He considers becoming mayor of a small town in Orange County but instead decides to break up Canada. François Lalonde says he is no threat, but then goes on national TV with his face whiter than a tablecloth and says we should do something, something, about this. There is a lot of sex involved in this chapter.

There are side players in this novel. There is François Minister Pierre-Edouard, who tells Canadians to tighten their belts while his blood-thirsty managers his shipping empire that is registered offshore so as to avoid taxes.

There is a premier of Ontario, Oliver Gaudry, who says only the private sector—not government—can provide jobs. He has spent most of his adult life as a teacher's school trustee, a member of the legislature and now governor.

Because François Lalonde cannot compete with Flory Changeling in the electoral arena he brings into his cabinet a young academic by the name of Jacques-Marie de Gaulle. He immediately calms the nation by proposing that the cross can be solved by Quebec being divided into four sections. They would be called Borealis, Serenis, Creatus and Hieroglyphica. The country relaxes.

The dramatic element involves around a dynamic politician named Sandra Shain who spends most of her time trading insults with elderly backbenchers from New Brunswick who think a condominium is a method of birth control.

There is a cameo appearance of a former prime minister, Candy Tachibana, who is now coming out with a book of her own in which she will reveal which well-known journalists cheat snail and have been caught with tapes on the overhead luggage rack on the press bus.

There is a Newfoundland figure, Clark Turbot, who becomes a sensation on European television because of a telegraphic comment that catches him conducting interactive diplomacy with Brigitte Bardot as an ice bear.

There is a surprise ending involving François Lalonde and Flory Changeling, but we won't spoil it for you.

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